

DEVOREUX.

Vertues teares for the  
losse of the most christian King *Henry*,  
third of that name, King of *France*; and the  
vntimely death, of the most noble & heroicall  
Gentleman, *Walter Devoreux*, who was  
slaine before *Roan* in *France*.

(...)

First written in French, by the most excellent and  
learned Gentlewoman, *Madam Genevieve*,  
*Petau Maulette*.

And paraphrastically translated into English,  
*Jeruis Markham*.

Primo assis, paco spero, nulla obieggio.



AT LONDON,

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and are to be sold at his shop in Corn-hill, vnder  
Saint Peters Church. 1597.







To the Right Honourable, and most  
vertuous Ladies and Sisters, *Dorithie*, Countesse  
of Northumberland, and the Ladie  
*Penelope Rich.*



HE vertue of your perfec-  
tions (most excellent Ma-  
dams), which draweth not  
alone our Clime, but euen  
all the Nations of Europe to  
wonder; hath now diuine-  
lie brought forth one issue  
of theyr admiration; (I meane this Monument of  
your euer-worthy to be liuing Brother,) the Mo-  
ther of it (a most rare French spirit,) first created  
and brought it forth in England, (thē a quiet fau-  
ster-mother to her thoughts) after tooke it ouer  
with her, to acquaint with her owne Nation; and  
since, sent it to me to apparrell in our English fa-  
shions, desirous (for his sake whom it most ado-  
reth) that it might principally do your Ladiships  
seruice. It was when I receiued it, exceeding rich

## THE EPISTLE.

in French imbroderie, and if nowe, either by my want or dulnes, it seeme patch'd, or too homely: with the beames of your gracious eyes, (most rare creatures) shine vpon it, and then the worst of my pennis earthines doubtlesse shall be stellified. Our Realme boasts not naturally of silkes, which are gaudie and soone vanishe, but of her playne broad-cloth, which is comlie and durable; if such like be my *Paraphras* vpon this French ground, I am all I would be, sith I desire nothing more then to giue his liuing name Poets eternitie. To you is due this tribute, and to you most humbly I tender it, vowing to liue best pleased, when I am eyther able, or can doe your Honours seruice: beeing (though a worme) as great an adorer of your vertues, as the mightiest who soeuer.

*Ieruis Markham.*



In praise of the worke.

**F** *Ame* howering in her three-fold Region,  
Beheld how *Aretea* did complaine  
In tragicke tunes, th'vntimely rape of one,  
VVhom froward *Fate*, and forward *Zeale* had slaine.  
But when she heard the noble *Deuoreux* nam'd,  
Vnto his graue she made a speedy flight,  
VVhere base *Oblinon* sat, who now asham'd  
Hides her foule head in shades of endlesse *Night*.

Then not content her valarous *Palladine*  
Should be interred in so small a roome;  
That after time may think his Stemme deuine,  
She makes the spacious world his glorious Toomb,  
And bad this Lady doe the obsequies,  
VVho offereth holy teares for sacrifice.

R. Allott.

To my most affectionate friend, Ieruis Markham.

**T** O worthy *Deuoreux*, Armes, and after Age,  
A wondrous Colosse doth thy Muse inhaunce,  
His boistrous feete are fixed on the stage  
Of peacefull Albions strand, and fruitfull Fraunce,  
Vnder whose forked Arch whole Nauies ride  
Filling their emptie sailes with *Deuoreux* Fame,  
That Fraunce, Spayne, Flaunders, and the world beside  
Amazed stands to heare great Essex Name.

From out his eyes he darts the golden beames  
Of perfit Honors neuer-setting Sunne,  
Whose influence in each soule fresh courage streames  
All this, nay more, thy sacred teares haue donne,  
Wing'd by thy fierie Muse they mount the skyes,  
And moue to weeping rish beauens twinkling eyes.

R. Allott.





### In prayse of the worke.

**O**Nce borne of mortall Parents, mortally  
Earth turnes to earth in noble *Deuoreux* :  
A second life immortall wits infuse,  
And crowne him now with immortalitie :  
His Mother *French*, for he in *Fraunce* did die,  
And *Phenix* of his ashes there renues ;  
His Father is a gentle English Muse,  
From whence he challengeth nobilitie :  
*English* and *French* thus enter-married,  
Haue issue double *Fame* : his *fame*, theyr owne :  
As gold of that *Great-worke*, that powrefull *Stone*,  
So *Fame* of *Vertue*, and it selfe are bred ;  
His first birth night to this, this a true morne ;  
May his noble Brother be as well twise-borne.

E. Guilpin.

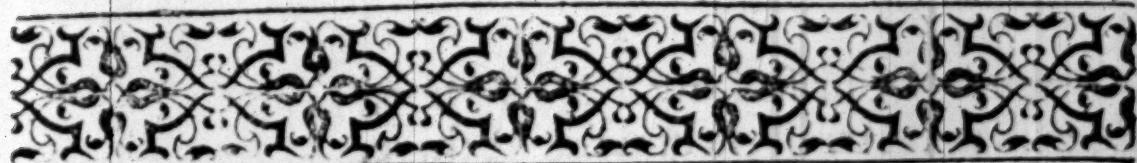
### To his deere friend Ieruis Markham.

**N**O longer let dismembred *Italie*  
Thinke scorne of our (thought dull for colder) clime,  
Vvee are not so frost-bitten in the prime,  
But blest from heau'n with as great wealth as shee :  
VWith all her Citties shall one, our Cittie  
Compare for all the wealth of this rich time ;  
Thames shall with Po vie *Swanns*, *Swanns* musicke  
London with subtle *Venice*, pollicie ; (chime,  
Shee shall drop beauties with faire *Genoa*,  
Though humorous trauailers repine thereat :  
But not with glorious *Florence* will they say,  
So farrefam'd for her wits triumvirat ;  
To that proude brag thou Ieruis shalt replie,  
VVhose Muse in this song giues them all the Lye.

E. Guilpin.







# ARETE Æ Lachrimæ.

1.



Oe-wearied with the euer-weeping woe  
That breaks the aged raines of withered Fraunce,  
And thinking how those thoughts to ouer-goe  
That giue eternall memory to mischaunce,  
Or willing to deceiue th'vnwilling foe,  
Of euer-springing teares, by some dead traunce,  
Earlie before the early Sunne could rise,  
I rose from rest, when rest rose from mine eyes:

2

And freed from that which frees it selfe from care,  
(For quiet nere was consort with complaynt)  
Led by Hopes hand, though drawne on by Dispaire,  
(The Factor for improvident constraint)  
I walkt alongst a streame, for purenes rare,  
Brighter then sun-shine, for it did acquaint  
The dullest sight with all the glorious pray  
That in the pibble-paued channell lay.

B.

No

## DEVORAX.

3

No moulten Christall, but a richer Mine,  
Euen Natures rarest Alcumie ranne there,  
Diamonds resolut, or substance more diuine,  
Through whose bright-gliding current might appeare  
A thousand naked Nymphes, whose Iuory shine  
Enamoling the banks, made them more deare  
Then euer was that glorious Pallace gate  
VVhere the day-shyning Sunne in triumph sate.

4

Vpon the brym, the Eglantine and Rose,  
The Tamariske, Oliue, and th' Almond-tree,  
As kinde companions in one vnion groes,  
Foulding their twinding armes, as oft we see  
Turtle-taught Louers eyther other close,  
Lending to dulnes feeling sympathie.  
And as a costly Vallance ore a bed,  
So did their garland-tops the Brooke ore-spred.

5

Their leaues, that differd both in shape and show,  
(Though all were greene, yet difference such in greene)  
Like to the checkerd bent of *Iris* bow,  
Prided the running Mine, as it had beene  
The bower of Beautie; whence alone did flow  
More heavenly streames then former age had scene,  
Taking their current from that learned Hill  
VVhere lodge the Mothers of admire and skill.

Amongst



## DEVORAX.

2

6

Amongst the Sommer blossoms of theyr bowes  
A thousand severall colour'd Birds was set,  
VVhomou'd (as seem'd) by charitable vowes,  
Or excellent compassion, euer wet  
VVith honourable teares, (for Fates allowes  
That sencible, from sencelesse, still shall set  
Models of pittie,) came there with melodie,  
To cheere mens minds, fore-done with miserie.

7

And with the murmring cadence of the waue  
That made a pretty wrangling as it went,  
Chiding the banks which no more lymit gaue,  
They ioynd their well-tun'd throats with such consent,  
That euen mad griefe at sight thereof grew graue;  
And as inchaunted, stayd from languishment,  
Prouing, then there, delight was neuer greater,  
And griefe how much the more, so much the better.

8

Thether came I to seeke out lost Delight,  
(Delight that was in *Eden* banisht man)  
But presently appeard vnto my sight  
A soule-sad Nymph, griefe-tortur'd, pale and wan;  
Vpon whose countenaunce rigorous Despight  
Registred much, or more then Mischiefe can:  
All that shee was, was pittifull and ill,  
Such as to lymne, my weake wit wanteth skill.

B 2

VVith

## DEVORAXI

9

VVith balefull Cypresse was her for-head crownd,  
 And fatall Yewgh made bracelets for her hands;  
 A shole of night-Crowes with a deadly sound,  
 And dismall Shrike-owles round about her stands:  
 Her eyes within a wofull Ocean drownd,  
 Oyle-like increast newe fire on dollours brands,  
 And with a dym blew burning Lampe she bare,  
 Shee offred sacrifice vnto Dispaire.

10

Those curious rich abylliments which once  
 Pleasd all the world, because they pleasd her well,  
 Now torne and staynd, disparadg'd for the nonce,  
 Like Autumne leaues too negligently fell:  
 And falling, in disorder all a-ronce,  
 VVith lesse respect then least regard can tell,  
 Carelessly trail'd after her as shee went,  
 To proue shee lou'd no vesture but lament.

11

And yet for all thys Chronicle of shame,  
 Thys ample Legend of mis-fortunes worst,  
 This boundlesse volume of desertlesse blame,  
 Thys figure of despight, thys Map accurst;  
 VVell might I know her now ill ruind frame  
 Had euen some-times the rarest features nurst,  
 And beauties abstracts still were left so claire,  
 That wilfull blind must say, once she was faire.

Once



# DEVORAX.

3.

121

Once was shee fayre, and that her mangled gowne  
VVhich halfe forsooke to shroude her sacred skin,  
VVas of a stuffe immortall, as *Ioues* crowne,  
Rich-seeming Azure-Veluet, wrought within,  
VVithout, and euery part; all wauiing downe  
VVith golden Flower-deluces, that had bin  
Charmes from dishonour, and despight mischaunce  
Brought ten times thousand Tropheys into Fraunce.

13

All thys I knew, yet knew not what mishap,  
VVhat life-confounding grieve, wasting good thought,  
Her heauie soule in agonie should wrap:  
Nor could the meane by any meane be sought  
VVhy her eternall sighes (clowd-like) did lap  
Her ioyes in mourning garments, sadly wrought,  
Nor why shee tore her flame downe-burning haire;  
Yet still shee sigh'd, and still her locks did taire.

14

Tyll with a knee-bow'd humble low salute,  
(For who will not doe reuerence to admire)  
Approching neere her, I made humble sute  
Her god-head would giue grace to my desire,  
And tell mee what woe murdered her repute,  
Making her sighes to set her teares on fire;  
And shee whose grieve could not surprize her glory,  
Set her sad tongue in tune to tell the story.

B 3

O

## DEVORAX.

15

\* O you Immortall Daughters of delight,  
Admir'd alone, triple triplicitie,  
Fayre *Thespian* Goddesses, whose onely might,  
VVith holy fire inspires our memorie;  
Euen you deare Muses, ayde me to recite  
Her dolefull accents, and her agonie:  
Bathe my cold temples in some blessed spring,  
That dare not else dreame of so great a thing.

16

*The Countesse of Northumberland & the Lady Rich.* But you ! ô you, you that alone are you,  
VVhom nothing but your selues your selues can match,  
From whom, and to whom, all the Vertues flew:  
For ere high *Ioue* the worlds worke did dispatch,  
Your curious moulds within himselfe he drew,  
Making his Dietie thereon to watch,  
Vowing, Beautie and Vertue, till your birth  
Should not be seene, or knowne vpon the earth.

17

You, Sisters both in nature and admire,  
The golden typ of euery praying tonge,  
That make one Ile boue all the world aspire.  
(O thinke not Fraunce this furie doth thee wrong,  
For who that speakes, speakes not with double fire  
If but one thought of them glaunce in his song?  
Then pardon mine inuoke, and let me ring  
Iustly on them that teach all Swannes to sing.)

Heare



# DEVORAX.

4

18

Heare mee, ô holy ones, and helpe my stile,  
Glorious adopted fayre *Northumberland*,  
And thou rich *Rich*, richest did ere compile,  
Th'onely history shall eternall stand  
VVhen ruine els shall all records defile,  
And burne out mem'ry with Oblivions brand;  
Ayde you those Muses that should ayde my pen,  
For you'r ador'd of Muses, Gods, and men.

19

Euen for his soules sake whom your soules lou'd deare,  
Fayre Ladies lighten fauour on my lay,  
And him behold, though mee you will not heare,  
Him, whose omnipotence of fame beares sway  
Farther then from the high Alpes highest staire  
The worlds great eye hath power to see by day:  
You that liue aye in him, hee in your thought,  
Exalt my Muse, vntuterd, not vntaught.

20

Be you, you glorious Angels of his prayse,  
(VVhose but report lends earth a heau'nly soule)  
The first beholders of my tragick layes,  
VVhom if you blesse, there's none dares to controule,  
(For curst is hee that what you say, gaine-sayes)  
Or chyd mee for your Brother I enroule  
Aboue the host of former liuing men;  
A noble worke, fit for a golden pen.

Bow

## DEVORAX.

21

Bow then your eares (the Adamants of loue)  
 Vnto the song that wounded Honour fange,  
 And let her teare-sleept words some pittie moue,  
 For thus shee sigh'd, and thus her tale began.

\* Know (said this Nymph, thats reuerent all aboue)  
 I am the same on whom some-times did hange  
 The rule of Fraunce, her sway, her Emperie,  
 Her type of state, her Kingdoms dignitie.

22

Twas I that bent their backs with loaden wealth,  
 That gaue them lawes to gouerne gloriously,  
 Twas I that made them breathe eternall health,  
 And gaue them names, Nations to terrefie:  
 I brought them vnder by desert, not stealth,  
 And lodg'd them in the bookes of memory;  
 In briebe, twas I, that with theyr neighbours store  
 Made them more rich then ere was Realme before.

23

But see alas, a left-hand chance of ill  
 Madding theyr braines made lunatick with pride,  
 Hath turn'd thys Turret downe, valleyd this Hill,  
 All topsie-turue throwne on every side:  
 Thus haue they torne my vesture, broake my will,  
 Doom'd mee in endlesse banishment to bide,  
 All things are out of order, woe alas,  
 I am not *ARETEA*, as I was.

Now



# DEVORAX.

5.

24

Now doth the father hate his lyuing sonne,  
The neighbour loathes his neighbour bounds him in,  
The married paire would haue their knot vndone,  
Lawes serue for naught, but baits to draw on sinne,  
After religion painted zeale doth runne  
Mocking his moanes, that ending, new begin;  
And like the ruind batteries of a wall,  
Things shapt, vnto their vnshapt *Chaos* fall.

25

Adder-deafe eares they haue when wisedome charmes,  
VVilfull in ill, ilnesse beyond conceite,  
Foolish to shun, wise to draw on their harmes,  
Rich to deceiue themselves by selfe deceite:  
All they desire is ciuill home alarmes,  
Burning the houses of their owne receite;  
VVracking the vessels that transport their good,  
VVithin the Ocean of their owne harts blood.

26

Eight times haue I giuen end to their vnrest,  
And seald vp discords gates with wealthy peace,  
Their streetes and Temples all with Oliues drest,  
As oft hath testifi'd their warres surcease:  
But woe, I dye that this should be exprest.  
*Mars* giuing blood-drunk *Mars* new release,  
Hath at this present set fresh brands on fier  
To kindle those old warres Time did expire.

C.

For

## DEVORAX.

27

For as a mighty Deluge after raine  
Gliding with furie from the hils descent,  
Finding all bounds too straite for his remaine,  
VVith roaring clamors (as the earth did rent)  
Bursts through the Meads, & ouer-flowes the plaine,  
Chiding the rocks in which his waues were pent :  
Then drownes the Plough-mans profit in his fall,  
His house, his hay, his labours, hope and all.

28

Briefly, so like a Tyrant doth it rage,  
Madder, since vnresisted being mad,  
VVhen an incountring bridge seekes to aswage  
The thunder-deafning current proudly glad:  
As these sterne men (borne in this yron age)  
Haue done, who making all my pleasures sad,  
Are nor content to teare their Countries bones,  
And spoyle her life and soule, with bed-rid grones :

29

But being Paracids, abortiue borne,  
In whom old Nature chalengeth no right,  
Bring in their murderous hands (to Fraunce forlorne)  
The minatours of shame, engins of spight :  
As pride, in chastitie, horror, blood, and scorne,  
Monsters of hell-black sunnes vnto the night ;  
Thinking to stop that royall Champions breath,  
VVhose life preseru'd Diuinitie from death.

Euen



# DEVORAX.

6.

30

Euen him whom I had planted strong and hie,  
(High in the world, strong in the harts of Kings)  
To be a scourge vnto their tyrannie:  
Bating the furie of their enuious wings,  
By meanes of that almighty *Henry*;  
*Henry de Valois*, on whom vertue rings:  
Vnder whose gracious aspect, I did hope,  
My lawes should take new vertue, larger scope.

31

And the all white, pure Virgin-colour'd faith,  
Of soules eternall quiet, lodg'd in skies,  
That turnes the dying pangs to ioyes in death,  
Should to the height of heights aspire and rise:  
Hence sprang it, and for this my true hart saith,  
I ioynd to him, the man most stout, most wise  
Th'other all great *Henry*: whose in-sight,  
Might guide, support, and gouerne him in right.

32

But ô, these monstrous men, Monsters, not men:  
VVhom the earth-shaking heauens in thunder fram'd,  
To make my ruine boundlesse; they, euen then  
Haue rays'd their blood-bath'd hands, yet vnasham'd,  
Against the Lords anoynted: (VVeepe my pen)  
For they haue slaine their King, (brute beasts vntam'd)  
Their sacred King, their worlds God, whose true care,  
Made their great names flourish on earth so fare.

C 2

But

## DEVORAX.

33

But he, too excellent to know what's ill,  
 (The gooddest holy one that breath'd this ayre)  
 Troubling no thoughts to think what others will,  
 Neglected what they meant, what harts they beare,  
 Neither ambition, palme-like growing still,  
 Nor looks, nor policies, nor nightly feare,  
 Made him beware, which each day growing on,  
 Double each day afflicted me with moane.

34

\* At th'end of this sad memorable storie,  
 Crossing her armes as one in desperate case,  
 There broke from her two eyes (the starres of glorie)  
 Two bloody fireames of teares, that ranne a pace,  
 VVhich her immortall sighs (woes oratorie)  
 Straue both to interrupt and to disgrace,  
 So mightily, that pittie did not stint  
 To place him selfe in harts of yron and flint.

35

Heere, heere, sayd she (as soone as say she could,  
 Or that her woes gaue words leaue how to speake)  
 Heere mayst thou see my sorrowes flood vnfold,  
 The deludge of my care, hence, hence doth breake,  
 The tumult of my sighs, the heate, the cold,  
 Of my flame-burning thoughts, benum'd and weake:  
 This is the cause of my first borne lament,  
 And the true greefe which doth my soule torment.

And



36

And yet tis but the first step to my care,  
 Or but the superficies of my paine;  
 A preface to my moane, an Index to dispaire,  
 A little thred, lending a mighty meane  
 To search the Laborinth where languors are,  
 A rising cloude against a storme of raine:  
 For mount on mount was thrown, masse vpon masse,  
 Till greatest greefe grew greater then it was.

37

This woe, that spred it selfe from East to VVest,  
 Bounding the Artick and Antartick pole,  
 Ambitiously enuied he was suppress  
 VVithin the circute of the worlds controule;  
 VVherefore as if all tremor, all vnrest,  
 VVere insufficient richly to condole  
 My starre-croft misaduentures in disdaine,  
 Adds a new greefe, to make new worlds complaine.

38

Euen now affliction heaues her heauie arme,  
 And spreads black sorrowes Ensigne through our land;  
 Calamitie braues all the world with harme,  
 And burnes vp peace with warres worst fier-brand:  
 Tempests, no calmes, mens eares doe rudely charme,  
 And all preposstrous things in tumult stand:  
 All fortunes draw vs to infortunes gates,  
 (Fortune, the first and last that ruins states.)

## DEVORAX.

39

O Fortune, thou great Amorite of Kings,  
Opinions breath, thou Epicurian ayre,  
Inuention of mans soule, falsest of things,  
A step beyond our iudgement, and a stayre  
Higher then men can reach with reasons wings;  
Thou blind-fold Archeresse, thou that wilt not heare,  
Thou foe to persons, manners, times and all,  
That raysest worthlesse, whilst the worthiest fall.

40

O thou, whom all may find, but none auoyde,  
Deceitfull Queene of mutabilitie,  
Swift are thy feathered feete, still vnanoyde,  
Loftie thy minde, thy hopes to heauen flie,  
Thy wings are light, like flames neuer destroyd,  
Vpon a Globe thou stand'st, turning our miserie:  
Of thee must I complaine, dread Nurse of woe,  
From whom, both heauen and earthly things doe floe.

41

Thou thrall to none but to Philosophie,  
That Monarchies and states turn't at thy will,  
Leauing no more marks of their dignitie,  
Then ships in water leaue, or feathered quill,  
Leaues in the liquid ayre, when speedilie  
It glides through it, scaling the starry hill:  
Monster-bearing Mother, why didst thou long,  
Hauing done thy worst, yet to doe greater wrong?

But



42

But why of this great nothing doe I plaine,  
 Stoning to death these shadowes with my teares?  
 And rather doe not with their drops constrain  
 The substance to lament for my dispaire?  
 VVhy doth not this salt Ocean of my braine  
 Conuay my mournings to more better eares?  
 Beating the marble-skye for this offence,  
 Chiding no more Fortune, but Prouidence.

43

O Prouidence, the conduct to our life,  
 The ground of vertue, hostile foe to sinne,  
 That rearest Towers, and appealest strife,  
 That gatherst all disperced exiles in:  
 Thou, that inuentedst lawes, gaue man his wife,  
 Thou Mistris vnto auncient discipline,  
 Thou, that bearest heauen & nature round about thee,  
 That makest all things, nothing being without thee.

44

O why art thou growne blind? leading astray?  
 Confounding vertue? making vice thy friend?  
 Sacking the sun-shine Towers of the day?  
 Prefixing wandring miserie no end?  
 VVhy hast thou giuen Barbarizme sway,  
 And wilt not let Order on thee attend?  
 VVhy art thou fled from vs? whither art thou gone?  
 Leauing both men, and all things else alone.

Tell

## DEVORAX.

45

Tell me, thou Architectresse of this frame,  
Thou, that vpon the great booke-firmament  
VVritest in golden starres each creatures name,  
Their liues, their fortunes, and intendiment,  
VVhy dain'st thou not that we may reade the same,  
And spelder our misdeeds why we be shent?  
If to behold the letters be thy will,  
Teach vs to reade, that we may rid our ill.

46

Lend vs diuine eyes to our heavenly part,  
To reade on that almighty Chronicle:  
So shall the date of vertue neuer part,  
But double wonder with more miracle,  
(Ay me) against the wind breathes my poore hart:  
Vaine is my wish, vaine euery article,  
Of mine inrag'd desire, my wrath boots not,  
Men must be men, and must not know their lot.

47

*The two  
Ladies.*

Then on thou saddest Muse of my sad thought,  
Or what besides more sad then sadnes is,  
You Goddesses for earths sole wonder wrought,  
Ladies of my plaint, creators of all blisse,  
In whose aspects vertue is chastly taught:  
You hearers of mine inuocations with,  
Hallow my song with Diamonds from your eyes,  
Since woe is god-like, falling from such skyes,

And



DEVORAX.

*Gustavus Adolphus*

9

48

And thou that hast grownd-sharpe mine ore-worne  
Adding new fire to cinders of my griefe, (moane,  
Make thine eares plyant to receiue my groane,  
(Thine eares, the Confessorie of beliefe,)  
Exhalt thine hart (perfect afflictions throne)  
Cancell th'accounts of pleasure: and in brieft,  
Make every office of receite in thee,  
A store-house of this greatest miserie.

49

After the sonnes of mischief and misdeed  
(These tyrannous blood-drinking miscreants)  
Had slaine their King; An act which did exceed  
The worst that Time noteth in recreants:  
VVhen they had banisht Vertue, torne her weed,  
And sworne themselves, Shames deuoted tennants,  
Fell deadly loue-sicke with Ambitions face,  
VVhose Feuer, naught could cure but my disgrace.

50

\* *Ambition*, lie vpon thy painted cheeke,  
(VVoe worth the beauty sleepes not with the face)  
For thou art hatefull, foule, vnfaire, vnmeeke,  
A poyson-painted pleasure mad men chase:  
Thou reasonlesse desire, that mak'st men seeke  
To kisse the Sunne, whilst fire doth them embrace,  
Thou onely strong, disorderd, rulelesse passion,  
That marr'st mens mindes, & putt'st thē out of fashion.

D.

Thou

## DEVORAX.

51

Thou angry house-mate, thou seditious guest  
That begg'st, and yet loath'st Hospitalitie,  
Thou murd'rer of the minde that gives thee rest,  
Rewarding kindnes with indignitie;  
Thou element to mischiefes shape digest,  
False Prophet, teaching naught but heresie:  
Thou robb'st the rich of gold, almes from the poore,  
And gyu'st them backe but hope to mend their store.

52

Thou, that in Rome within a hundred yeeres  
Rayfd and ore-threw seauenty-three Emperours:  
Mother of ciuill discord, home-bred teares,  
Thou infinite great ill no end deuoures,  
Prides Minion, and the ladder to dispaire,  
A day eternall, ended by no houres:  
Twas thou that taught'st them all the waies to sin,  
And ending, how new mischiefes should begin.

53

By thys Lieutenant-generall of hell  
Conducted to assault all holy things,  
They ract my buildings, burnt my virgin-Cell,  
Defact my Temples, spoyle mine offerings;  
Brake all my statues Fame had caru'd so well,  
And quencht my burning Lamps in bloody springs:  
All the bright Censers round about my shrine,  
Are damp't, and smoard vp with forgetfull Time.

Thys



54

Thys inauspicious starre, this fatall ill,  
 Thys messenger of Maiesties low fall,  
 Hauing subiected all things to his will,  
 And bound mee euerlastingly to thrall;  
 Great grife, which growes by vse to greatest skill,  
 Raisd royall passions to a ciuill brall,  
 And by strong arguments, approu'd this trew,  
 That leaden thoughts, then earth nere higher flew.

55

Thence came it, that mine all-forsaken Fame,  
 Full of sicke-feathers, weake, and desperate,  
 Impt her broake plumes, and like a iealous flame,  
 VVith enuious hast mounting the highest gate,  
 And striuing to out-goe in swift-pac'd game  
 Clowd-fashond Smoake, (the Vsher to his state)  
 I heau'd my head aboue a sea of teares,  
 And through the world sought ayde for my dispaire.

56

VVas nere a corner (if there corners be  
 As some imagine) in this gloabie round,  
 VVhither Fame bore not mine indignitie,  
 Comenting stories of my bleeding wound.  
 Faire *Sien*, whose face saw theyr impietie,  
 Bore through her channell to the Oceans bound  
 My huge infortune, thence the salt-Seas course,  
 To all the world my miseries discourse.

## DEVORAX.

57

Yet pittifull vn pitty'd, pittying eyes  
 Suruayd mee, but with common charitie:  
 This customary, vsuall sacrifice,  
 Silly *God-helpe*, verball integritie;  
 Camelion almes, a foode which doth suffice  
 Hardly the eare: though ayre most commonly  
 Is all his sustenance. O thys was that  
 VWhich poorest made, made poorer mine estate.

58

At length, (though bed-rid with perpetuall griefe,  
 And Mountaine-laden with my miserie)  
 By Fame instructed, (shee that is the chiefe,  
 And great all-teller what great'st wonders be)  
 I heard of thee faire ENGLAND, where reliefe  
 Is stored in a Silver Treasure,  
 That plac'd alone, rul'st others, ruling many,  
 Too good by much to bee conioynd with any.

59

Of thee sang Fame a glorious golden storie,  
 \* Oh not that prodigall prayse: spending Fame  
 VWhich like a bubble, rayseth vp his glorie,  
 That shadow-like continueth in the same:  
 And in the end, whilst no wet eye is sorie,  
 Dyes in Times bosome, which forgets his name.  
 Nor that vaine Fame which turnes more quick the eyes,  
 Soone witherd fruite, bright flame, that early dyes.

But



# DEVORAX.

11

60

But that pure Fame, which is the soule of Kings,  
 (Much better for that better residence)  
 The true discoverer of all worthy things,  
 The honny-tast, and pleasure of our sence  
 That beares eternitie vpon her wings:  
 That borne ere Time, shall liue when Time is hence.  
 Thys holy Fame, ô *England*, spake of thee,  
 More praise then I can write, lesse then I see.

61

Fame told me thou wert *Jones* delightfull seat,  
 His Oliue-garden, wall'd with Iuorie,  
 VVhose spring, warrs canker durst not dare to eate,  
 An *Eden*, full of quiet dignitie:  
 Thy people rest when others broyle in sweat:  
 Shee drew thy line from immortalitie,  
 And bad me flie to thee for my redresse.  
 Hee that torments, can make all torments lesse.

62

Vnto the faire-shapt body of thys praise  
 Fame adds a head, more beautious, more diuine;  
 Shee tells mee then; *Pallas* thine Empire swayes.  
 (*Pallas*, sayd I) nay one of better line:  
 Shee that mounts others, but whom none can raise  
 By any tyle, figure, or in fine,  
 Higher then her owne height; because it is  
 The highest step in all the scale to blisse.

D 3

Shee

## DEVORAX.

63

Shee hath no like; and therefore no compare  
Is excellent enough to sorte with her:  
To say shee's best, were to say others are,  
And there's no other whom I may prefer  
To such celest'all honor. O who dare  
In any Name but hers, her Name inter?  
(Then thus saith Fame) *ELIZA* from that Land  
Controules the world, with an vnconquer'd hand.

64

Tis shee, that whilst Confusions smoakie clowde  
(Stirr'd from the raging fires of ciuill warrs)  
The heads of all her neighbour-Kings doth shrowd,  
Infranchising Oppression by those iarrs,  
Doth, with an hoast of heau'nly thoughts endow'd  
Preserue her Countreyes face from bloody scarrs:  
So that no fogge of putrified wounds  
Is seene within the circute of her bounds.

65

Tis shee that taught, teacheth Philosophie  
To be more excellent then heere-to-fore:  
It others, but shee, it doth ornesie,  
Vnto all Arts shee is the sacred dore.  
Shee, heales Afflictions-vlcers with her eye,  
And vnto those which tortious wrongs deplore,  
Shee giues propitious Balme, such as they craue,  
Or such as Iustice wrong'd deserues to haue.

Fame



# DEVORAX.

12

66

Fame told mee further, that by nature there,  
In thee ô *England*, (ô all-peace-full Ile)  
Courage growes vp, and best resolves appeare:  
The auncient *Heroes*, whom old Time did file  
Vpon record, to liue when he should weare,  
Iustly compar'd, no sence can reconcile  
Or match with them, whose actions vnoutgone,  
Breathe at this day about *ELIZAS* throne.

67

An endlesse bead-roule of deceased Kings,  
As many Princes, Nobles, Generalls,  
Golden-spurd Knights, (the plumes of Honors wings)  
Fame reckond vp, and call'd them Principalls.  
But Death, the certain'st of vncertaine things,  
Long since had reuel'd at theyr burials;  
So that I beat my breast with desperate paine,  
Least Nature could not make the like againe.

67

But Fame, (the happy Herrauld of Desire,)  
Chyd the weake humor of my vaine mistrust:  
And told mee, *Englands* prayse was neuer hier.  
For though her household-Armes lay long to rust,  
And want of vse made many soules retyre  
From what they would, to what perforce they must,  
Yet Souldiours borne they haue continu'd still,  
As good by nature, as the best by skill.

But

# DEVORAX.

69

But those whom others harmes haue call'd abroad,  
And Arm'd to guard the innocent from wrong,  
They, Demy-god-like, from his vast abroad  
Haue chast Oppression, and made Tyrants throng  
In heapes to hell, and *Charons* boate ore-load,  
All which to name, would make my storie long:  
And dull thine eares, though it content thy minde,  
Sith sweetest things doe soonest cloy by kinde.

70

Sir Iohn  
Norris.

O *Norris*, I could liue vpon thy name,  
And weare more penne then ere were made to write,  
I could each howre draw stanzaes of thy fame,  
And make my braines perpetually indite;  
But ô! thy vertues shall inspire a flame  
Better then mine, much better to recite  
Thy noble Gestes, which gallantly shall stand,  
VVhilst *Ireland* is, *Spayne*, or the *Netherland*.

71

Sir Fraunces  
Norris.

Vere, I could breathe a spirite in thy praise,  
(Thou Father to a most oppressed Land)  
But that I know, Honor intends to raise  
Miraculously from that frozen strand  
A wit; which set on fire to see thy dayes,  
Shall register the glories of thy hand:  
And, for that all my prayes are too few  
For him; to whom I, and all praise are dew.

For



# DEVORAX.

13

72

For thee ô *Essex* and thy noble line,  
 Euer most great, yet greater then it was,  
 Thou sun-shine, drying widdowes teared eyne,  
 The Columb which supports a royall masse;  
 Thou excellent, deriu'd from most diuine,  
 The work *ELIZAS* power hath brought to passe:  
 To thee am I deuote, and from thy deeds,  
 I draw this breath, on which my spyrit feeds.

73

Yet (Princely Lord) imagine not I dare  
 To take in hand the legend of thy deeds:  
 I hold the best conceite too poore and bare,  
 To ayme at that, which all our ayme exceeds.  
 VWho liues, shall see the rarest wits that are,  
 Contend to memorize the growing seeds  
 Of those ripe vertues which are graft in thee,  
 More then in any like posteritie.

74

Suffice it; I, as silly Palmers vse,  
 That seeke to shorten day-long laboring way,  
 Mongst rude discourses, often-times infuse  
 The Acts of Kings and Princes, and alay  
 Labour with labour: so my trauail'd Muse  
 Fordone, and raiisht with this sweet assay,  
 Glaunceth vpon thy Name, thy Name doth then  
 Beget thy deeds, thy deeds the maze of men.

E.

Yet

## DEVORAX.

75

Yet if pure zeale could tune delicious lines,  
Or calmes would rest within my troubled braine,  
Then would I raske my spyrit, which inclines  
To sing of thee, and with those notes constrain  
Enuie to burst; and as thou brighter shines,  
So would I rayse my thoughts, and so far straine  
My high-pitcht notes to make the world resound,  
Till I growne horce, loose life, loose skill and sound.

76

But ô fayre furie; Mistris of my wit,  
VWhither doost thou exhale me? flag a while,  
Thou for such glorious accents art vnfit:  
These sweet imaginarie hopes beguile  
My quick-inchaunted soule; come sadly sit,  
Enough is thee, if thou in teares compile  
A wofull tale, that they which heare the same,  
In ruth may say: our fortunes were too blame.

77

\* Thus then it was. This Nations sacred prayse,  
From eare to eare, through all the world comayde,  
Quickend my spyrits, and my mind assayes  
To beg some pittie there, where Angels sayd,  
Commiseration like a Monarch swayes:  
Thence came it, that thus torne and ill arayd  
I thither went. O I shall euer thinke,  
VWhat Nectar of delight mine eyes did drinke.

The



78

The Sunne I saw, was well, the worlds faire eye,  
 For by *ELIZAS* light, all Nations see,  
 Her throne, like to her selfe, most gloriously  
 Amaz'd beholders: round about it bee  
 Troups of deere-breathing starrs, which whilst she's by,  
 Shine dim, yet sweetly gracing their degree,  
 But when to make light dearer, she's vnseene,  
 They shine as bright as they all Sunnes had beene.

79

Round about these, as Planets in their spheares,  
 Predominant to rule all other men,  
 Sages, and Princes, Knights and Squires appears,  
 Euer almighty: most almightie then  
 Is he, whom her life-giuing grace endearcs,  
 And lends a leaue to search through Dangers den  
 For all the praisefull Honours: or beside,  
 VVhat ought or should with Knighthoods fame abide.

80

Before her Maiestie thus fell I downe,  
 Forsaken, comfortlesse, and most opprest,  
 And ere I spake, I often-times did swoone,  
 (Greefe hardly parts from a care-filled brest)  
 My teares her foote-steps pittiously did crowne;  
 And on the ground whilst I my sight inuest,  
 Despight the interruptions of my bale  
 I eccho'd forth a sorrow-broken tale.

E 2

More

## DEVORAX.

81

More were my plaints then I haue power to tell;  
 For when cleare Maiestie with gracious looke  
 Lends a mild eare t' Afflictions pasing bell,  
 Conceite redoubles, and what power forsooke,  
 Makes it selfe powrefull; nothing thinks he well  
 VWhich is not oft repeated. Thence I tooke  
 Courage to bare my wounds, and euermore,  
 Begd ayde to heale th'apostumes of my sore,

82

I vow'd, if she would pittie my distresse,  
 (Sith but in her ruth hath no dwelling place)  
 All Fraunce should wish her endlesse happines,  
 Sing her good Name, and daily interlace  
 Her praise with Angels of best worthines.  
 Nor should excelling wits white paper grace  
 VVith speaking lines, if those lines doe not speake,  
*ELIZAS* honour, strengthening vs, growne weake.

83

*ELIZA*, which her Nation doth adorne  
 VVith all the bridall-garments of the best,  
 VVithin whose Clime, the Muses high are borne,  
 Arts in esteeme, most honorably blest;  
 VVhere Error, like a Furie, liues forlorne,  
 Consum'd, and banisht from conceite of rest,  
 That all those Kings admire beyond the flood,  
 So small an Ile can hold so great a good,





# DEVORAX.

*Justices A*  
15

84

I hop'd, by her assist, this fourth *Henrie*  
VVhich I oppose against these wicked ones,  
Should in reuenge for their impietic  
Raine sharpe destruction, and vpon their bones,  
Heape Mountaines of tormenting agonie,  
To quittance my most vnderferued grones:  
And for they made my cheekes vniustly take  
The shamefull blush they neuer can forsake.

85

I told her; that the power which giues her power,  
(The most almighty-Maister of her thought)  
VVould from his throne, thunder & lightning shower,  
Till all my foes to hated dust were brought:  
Furies I knew from nights black-shades would scower,  
And haunt their bosomes, making them distraught,  
Rage and consume the pleasure of their liues,  
Hating them selues, their children, and their wiues.

86

Onely her Name, (the terror of her foes)  
Must patronize the actions of the iust:  
A Knight of hers, that other Knights out-goes,  
Must leade the legions of mine onely trust;  
For Fraunce growne weake, failes in her owne dispose,  
The purest minds are canker-eate with rust:  
Lady I cry'd, ayde my distressed plight,  
Oft didst thou helpe; yet nere a better right.

E 3

Heere

# DEVORAX.

87

Heere ceast my sute, and with a pittious voyce,  
Of faling teares I murmur'd hidden woe,  
(Dumb plaints in feeling harts makes greatest noy(e)  
VVhen least I spake, most was my sorrowes shoe,  
Liberall-tongu'd care, is care which doth reioyce,  
For vent of greefe, eases the over-floe:  
And when I nothing sayd, then did I finde  
Sorrow most eloquent; reliefe most kinde.

88

For instantly with bowing of her head,  
VVhich signe makes all knees bend before her chaire,  
She testifi'd, preuailing teares were shed;  
For prooffe whereof, her melting hart did reare  
A holy dew into her soueraigne head,  
VVhich thence from her cleare eye-sight did appeare:  
And though she for her selfe no sorrow knew,  
Yet did she weepe, to heare how others rue.

89

Then with her hand *ELIZA* lifts me vp,  
Cheeres my poore soule, repaires my ruin'd mind,  
Makes me drinke comfort from the flowing cup  
Of her most sacred breath; then doth she bind  
My seares to exile, which till then did sup  
The iuyce of my wast life, consum'd and pin'd:  
And teis me; she'll pertake of my distresse,  
Making it nothing, or then nothing, lesse.

VVhich



90

VVhich to archiue, shee bids mee there select  
 A princely Champion, fortunate and strong,  
 One whom my thoughts assures mee will effect  
 As great designs, and right as worthie wrong.  
 Many there were, that many would elect,  
 Not one vnworthie person in the throng:  
 But in my choice, I was deliberate,  
 For rash respect repents when tis too late.

91

On euery person ceaz'd my raiisht sight,  
 Contemplating the beautie of theyr frames,  
 That Prince, mee thought, was finely shapt, vpright,  
 Such as was *Marops* at th' Olympick games:  
 Another, seem'd broad set, yet passing light,  
 Like wild *Hypolitus*, eschewing shames;  
 Thys was like *Ajax*, that like *Hector* was,  
 All did exceede, the meanest did surpasse.

92

Thys vniuersall excellence set out  
 (As if Perfection knew no other soyle)  
 Astonisht mee, for all a like borne stout,  
 How could I choose, but reason would recoyle  
 Blame to my choyce? Since who doth from a rout  
 Cull forth a principall, leaues for a foyle  
 Th'vnchosen rest, when all I dyd behold  
 VVere Jewels-like, of one waight, and one gold.

But.

## DEVORAX.

93

But ô, the eye that neuer apprehends  
The truth of objects by a slight suruay,  
VVith grauer iudgement busily extends  
His nimble sight, and what it doth suruay,  
Notes not alone, but whereat others tends,  
And in whose eyes all other eye-sights lay:  
And then I might behold one Prince alone,  
Vpon whose beautie all mens eyes were throwne.

94

Higher then others his cleare count'nance floode,  
For he was taller much, more straight, more strong,  
Like to the Forrests-King boue vnder wood,  
Or like an Ensigne in a battailes throng;  
His eye, like that which guides men in the flood,  
Had all eyes fixt on it which went not wrong:  
Euen in his lookes, Nature me thought had layd  
Some excellence too rare for men too read.

95

Yet not so mysticall, but blindest sights  
Might prophecie, if his dread Soueraigne would,  
(To whom is due the honour of his sights)  
The world from her should all their glories hold.  
And those which yet denie our Sauours rights,  
By him for her subdu'd, thence be intold:  
Amongst conuerted Saints; Lady beware,  
This power thou hast, and this is holy warre.

Me

*Gustavus Adolphus*



96

Mee thought hee was not fashond in the mould  
 Of common men; th'accustomd worke of Nature:  
 Nor in the worlds first models, (now growne ould)  
 But, as it seem'd by his externall feature,  
 Surpassing her great selfe, Nature grew bould,  
 And made him of some speciall temprature:  
 Then growne in loue with what her power could  
 Obtaynd a spirit worthy of the same. (frame,

97

*Essex*, twas thee I meane, thou didst surprize  
 All my desires to seeke my helpe by thee,  
 My sad petition-making teares suffice,  
 Thy soueraigne Goddesse did accord to mee:  
 The brute whereof no sooner could arise,  
 But all that euer were, or hop'd to bee  
 Great in the world, with Eagles speedie flight  
 Flew vnto thee, and offerd vp theyr might.

98

My state, which vntill then hunge doubtfull strange,  
 And wounded gouernment past all recure,  
 From whom all hope of helpe farre of did range,  
 Of nothing but of crosse infortunes sure,  
 (Now in a moment see a suddaine change)  
 VVhē thou wert known mine ayde; could thē indure  
 No more such thoughts of feare; infants could tell,  
 VVhere ere thou went, there would best fortune dwell.

F.

You

# DEVORAX.

99

You memorable worthy Gentlemen  
That in these great occurrents tryde your chaunce,  
For whose deere sakes we hold all Englishmen  
In reuerent regard, and will aduaunce  
Your fames before all other Noble-men,  
VVhilst Fraunce hath powre to holde the name of  
If your peculier names I not reueale,      Fraunce.  
Blame want of knowledge: not my want of zeale.

100

*Sir Roger  
Williams.  
Sir Con-  
yers Clyf-  
ford.  
Sir Ma-  
thew Mor-  
gan.  
Sir Ed-  
warde  
Brooke.*

Forgiue mee, thou right habit of the warrs,  
Resolved *Williams*, all too soone dissolu'd,  
VVhich rayd thine honour from thy Countries iarrs.  
Forgiue me *Clyfford*, sith I haue reuolu'd  
Of thy well purchast glory by thy scarrs,  
And yet conceale it: you deere rest resolu'd,  
*Morgan and Brooke*, pardon my sparing song,  
Least poore in praise, I proue too rich in wrong.

101

Gallant men say, (and lesse you will not say)  
That he which leades a world of hands to fight,  
Them to a world of blowes ought to conuay:  
So he that many fames in praise would dight  
To many rare conceits, must runne astray,  
And garnish each one with a seuerall light:  
But sith I want that wittie treasures store,  
One two, two one Ile write of, and no more.

A



102

A spacious field are they for royall braines  
 To runne cariers in : th'ayre of them is great,  
 VVherein high-soaring thoughts may hold remaines,  
 And try their towring Sarcells if they'le seate  
 Theyr slie-inchaunting notes, aboue the beames  
 Of other sunnes, and like Times teeth, out-eate  
 Fore-going memory ; bewitching Fame,  
 To sing of theirs, and of no other name.

103

\* *Essex* to thee, (who then was part of thee)  
 In this great busines was thy brother ioyn'd,  
 Hadst thou had more but him, then should he be  
 Thy best, thy dearest ; but since vnconioynd,  
 Since all were worthlesse of such fame, but hee,  
 VVhere thy name is, there let his name reioynd,  
 Be euer chaynd in Fames best lyncks of gold,  
 Borne of one minde, created of one mold.

104

And now I come to thee most blessed Saint,  
 Thou sweetest Nightingall in th'heau'nly quire,  
 Noble-borne *VValter Deuorax*, I faint  
 And tremble, least my new inkindled fire  
 Mount thee not hie enough ; yet shal't acquaint  
 All the worlds cares how much I doe desire.  
 O heau'nly soule, thinke not I doe thee wrong,  
 Intending thy prayse first, to stay so long.

## DEVORAX.

105

It was but that I might discharge my minde  
Of all those thoughts which could create delight,  
And then bequeathing them vnto the wind,  
Sit with my selfe, and nothing else indight  
Saue those rare goods, Nature and Rule did bind  
VVithin thy bosome; and how VVarrs despight  
Bryb'd Death to banish them; making the earth  
Poore by thy losse, that was rich by thy birth.

106

I did but as the Syrens of this age,  
VVho winning eares to hang vpon theyr speech,  
First to delight, lay their conceits in gadge,  
(Delight, at which all Naturatts doe reach)  
Then, hauing wonne them, that sweet vaine asswadge,  
And with graue matter make a feeling breach:  
So, if I did reliques of glory shoe,  
Twas but a baite to draw men to true woe.

107

And now to Combats and *Monomachies*,  
Set battails, sieges, tourneys, dyre euents,  
My harsh Muse doth bequeath her harmonies,  
Of Citties gyrt, sad murthers, pitching Tents;  
Of fires, and swords, and famines cruelties,  
Valors true edge, and Angers hardiments,  
My soule turnd to a pen, in bleeding lines,  
Figures to life true Vertues true designs

O



1081

\* O thou Almighty-power which didst infuse  
 Spirit into my spirit, to dare to doe  
 Thys act of memorie, (which they refuse  
 VVhom both desert and worth haue call'd thereto)  
 Breathe endlesse life into my fainting Muse,  
 That I may write, and by my writing wooe  
 Saints to displeasure, when ingratefull men  
 Suffers thee sleepe so long in darknes den.

M. Wal-  
 ter Deuo-  
 ran.

1091

No sooner had *ELIZA* giuen leaue  
 To princely *Essex*, *Deuorax* and theyr powre,  
 To helpe th'opprest, and from theyr backs to heaue  
 Tyrannies burden, which doth states deuoure;  
 VVhen easful thoughts VVarrs summons did receaue,  
 And gaue adiew to Loues fantastick houre,  
 Then euery one prepar'd themselues to sea,  
 Prayd for fayre gales, and for a prosp'rous day.

1100

A North-west winde then gently did beget  
 Their swelling sayles with child of Honors course:  
 Theyr steele-shod keeles, the rough-seas entrails slit,  
 And vnto Fraunce conuay'd faire *Englands* force.  
 And then disburdning them, on land did set  
 Rebells dismay; iust scourges of theyr worse:  
 And though their powers and Ensignes dreadful shoes,  
 Yet bred theyr Names most terror in their foes.

F 3

But

## DEVORAX.

111

But to their Bead-men, whose continuall prayers,  
Flew into heaven from their breathing harts,  
VVhose wishes, in *Jehonas* eyes appears,  
To them, and to the torrents of their smarts,  
They brought delicious Balme, and newly reares  
Their downe-fallne broken hopes: such happy parts  
Playes Vertues sight, and such delight we haue,  
VVhen we behold Reuenge we most doe craue.

112

\* *Reuenge*, the infant of a fierie minde,  
VVhich euer-more succedes a noble thought,  
The foode whereon resolues doe feede by kind,  
Nourishing Honour when its captiue brought;  
The *All* from whence we any helpe can find  
For our disparagd'd Names, to scandall brought:  
For it in blood doth purifie disgrace,  
Purging her 'staines', and making smooth her face.

113

The minde by wrongs is made a male-content,  
And clouds her shine in please-lesse melancholic:  
Her holy humors are in passions spent,  
Till by *Reuenge* shee is set at libertie,  
And brauely to her first creation sent;  
Euen from *Reuenge* got Iustice libertie.  
For tis *Reuenge*, and Satisfaction brings  
To iniur'd mindes, and to oppressed things.

The



114

The soule is like a boystrous working sea,  
 Swelling in billowes for disdaine of wrongs:  
 And tumbling vp and downe from bay to bay,  
 Proues great with child of indignations;  
 Yet with *Reuenge* is brought to calme alay,  
 Disburdend of the paine there-to belongs,  
 Her lowers are turnd to bright-fac'd sun-shine braues,  
 And faire Content playes gently on her waues.

115

Thys truest Iusticer, this vpright Lord,  
 (VVished *Reuenge*) the wronged persons hope,  
 VVith this deuided Nation doth accord  
 So sweetly, and doth lend so large a scope  
 Vnto Redresse, that euery breathing word  
 The gates of their contentments doth set ope:  
 And albe nothing's well, yet for it may,  
 They liue content, and make a holy-day.

116

\* There stands a Towne close by the Oceans side,  
 VVhose walls are often washed with the flood,  
 VVell fenc'd, and full of VVarrs most auncient pride,  
 A common harbour for his neighbours good:  
 VVithin whose channell, safe securely ride  
 Many tall thyps, that many stormes with-stoppe  
 Thither came *Englands* powre, and on that shore  
 Landing themselves, made rich sea, now sea pore.

Deepe,

## DEVORAX.

117

*Deepe*, I imagine now how blest thou was  
VVhich hadst the mayden-head of their first sight,  
How did thy wish and fortunes come to passe?  
Making thee shine more cleerer by their light  
Then all the Townes in Fraunce. Thou didst surpasse,  
Those auncient Mother-Citties held so bright:  
I doe not meane thy neighbour Citties by,  
For they were staine with blood and periury.

118

But those whose streets were guiltlesse of their ills,  
That made not zeale a cloake for damned deeds,  
VVhose powre could bridle vnrestrained wills:  
Euen these, at that time thou by much exceeds  
As Mountaines doe the little sandie Hills,  
Or well-growne Cedars marish-shaken Reeds,  
Both for they first arriued on thy strand,  
And thou first gau'st them welcome to the Land.

119

Short time with thee (though long with the oppress)  
These worthy Chiefetaines breath'd within thy walls,  
None could perceiue, much lesse say they did rest  
Theyr waking harts-honor from slumber-calls.  
And (then in ease) knowing no worse vnrest,  
Speedy prepares they make for these new bralls:  
And from thee *Deepe* departing, march'd along  
To *Roan*, both too faithlesse, & too strong.

*Roan*,



# DEVORAX.

21

120

*Roan*, (that falsest'd the holy oath,  
She ow'd vnto the lawfull Kings of Fraunce,  
That tumults rays'd by her deu'ded troath,  
Vpon religions wounds, looking a skaunce)  
Shuts her late-opend gates against them both,  
And vowes to haue no Soueraigne but Mischaunce,  
VVhich she bought deerely, and more deerely should,  
If Valour might haue done, what Valour would.

*Roan be-  
sieg'd.*

121

*Roan*, me thinks I see thy palie face,  
Thy Towers ready ere their time to fall;  
Me thinks I see thy Sonnes runne in each place  
Madly afrighted, and for succours call,  
Thy guiltie conscience blaming thy disgrace:  
And from the loope-holes of thy ruind wall,  
How many teare-fild eyes stood gazing round,  
VVishing them selues away, or vnder ground.

122

O *Villiers*, thou thy selfe, (though then in thee  
VVas worthy courage; much to ill apply'd)  
VVept in thy soule, that thou perforce must be  
A Chieftaine ouer sinne, and oft hadst try'd  
To welcome peace, and shun calamitie,  
But that these arguments made thee abide:  
Feare of the misreporting multitude,  
And fame to warre, against best fortitude.

*Villiers,  
Governour  
of Roan.*

G.

These

## D. EAV O R A X.

123

These were the chaynesthat bound thee to defame,  
And blinded thee from seeing what was best :  
This Siren our *Opinion*, wind-borne lame,  
Seeking to ease vs, brings vs to vnrest ;  
This, shunning-shame, brought thee to greater shame,  
Thou couldst not harbour a more thanklesse guest,  
For it adiudgeth nothing it doth see,  
By what it is, but what it seemes to bee.

124

So helpe me truth, as I doe truly thinke,  
*Opinion*, th'onely torture of our minde,  
Alas that any thing so vaine should sinke,  
VVith muddy barbarizme, vnrefinde,  
Into our harts deepe clossets, and there linke  
All our beliefes to him, whose auntient kinde  
Is to deceiue vs, promising the rest,  
VVhich neuer was, or ere shall be posselt.

125

The many Prodigies were houely borne,  
From the distempred womb of thine amaze,  
Thy Countries beauty by thine owne hands torne,  
Thy dignities; which thy defaults did raze,  
Thy guilty faintnes, thy obprobrious scorne,  
The golden Crowne on which thine eyes did gaze,  
Might haue been Oratours, for they could tell,  
Thou didst all ill, in doing nothing well.

And



# DEVORAX.

22

126

And you, which were his sinewes, and his force,  
The fatall hands to this ill plotting head;  
You, that made nothing better, all things worse,  
You are not blamelesse, you must I obrayd,  
As petty springs from whose polluted source,  
This streame became a Deludge. Be it sayd,  
Vnder controle; this doubt doth still remaine,  
VVhether was worse, the Leaders, or the traine.

127

But howsoeuer, euer this is true,  
You both repented what you vndertooke,  
Thorough your eyes into your bosomes flew  
VVounds vnrecurable: oft in your looke  
VVhen paynted smiles lay publique in our view,  
VVe might behold how much your ioyes forsooke,  
Your vndisguised harts; for they sayd still,  
The waking heauens will plague the sleeping ill.

128

Euen as cold Hemblock numbs the vitall sence,  
Or iuyce of Mandrakes ouer-comes the brayne,  
Euen so your feare, wedded to your offence,  
Inforcst a trembling thorow euery vayne:  
Nought but mistrust kept fatall residence  
VVithin your breasts, the state-houses of payne.  
And after you beheld the English bands,  
Scarfe could you hold your weapons in your hands.

G 2

But

## DEVORAX.

129

But yet deere Countrimen, mistake me not,  
 (Deere I may call you, since by liues more deare,  
 Our peace, and your contentment was begot)  
 I doe not meane this while a dastard feare:  
 Far from the bounds of Fraunce hath been such blot,  
 But a taynt soule, seeing those Princes there,  
 VVho hated to vnsheath their swords in fight  
 If not for lawfull Kings, and Gods pure right.

130

This was th'afflicting course of your harts,  
 And howerly renouator of your ills,  
 This drew all your hard chaunces from desarts,  
 Yet made no lesse the mischeeues of your wills;  
 VVhy doe I seeke to colour your foule parts,  
 That knowing truth, no part of truth fulfills?  
 Therefore ile say as your deeds witnest then,  
 You were, what you were borne, most sinfull men.

131

By this time warre on both sides was prepar'd,  
 And Furie like a strumpet runnes about,  
 First th'one, and then the others minde she squar'd,  
 And casts her venome ouer euery rout;  
 Scorne vpon scornes, and dares at them which dar'd,  
 VVere banded first within, and then without,  
 Combats were challeng'd, tane, and then put off,  
 Cusses were repay'd with cusses, & scoffe with scoffe.

As



132

As oft as day beheld them, and as long  
 VVere fallies made, beate back, and new inforst,  
 Night, Nurse of ease, to whom calme rests belong,  
 Saw there no closed eye, VVarres waking worst,  
 Made night, as day, in vprores fatall strong:  
 VVhat in the day by counsaile was discourst,  
 The night did execute; what in the night,  
 VVas in the day effected by his light.

133

And thus this waighty busines, busie kept  
 Suruiuing great ones, and their following trayne,  
 None slumberd, but such as eternall slept,  
 Their soules sent hence to ioyes, or endlesse payne,  
 And of their names an endlesse count was swept,  
 Into forgetfull *Lethe*, where they rayne  
 Secure from scandals on the liuing hurld,  
 Lost from mens thoughts, forgotten of the world.

134

In all the conflicts, battailes, turnaments,  
 And dreadfull clamors of affrighting Armes.  
 O *VValter Denorax*, thy soules blandishments,  
 (Not guilt, but gilding Honours choyce alar'mes)  
 VVere to all spyrits sprightly presidents,  
 As far as *Neptune* flowes, or *Phæbus* warmes:  
 Thy Prowesse shall extend that in VVarres fire  
 Didst euer first assaile, and last retire.

G 3

There

## DEVORAX.

135

There neuer fled before the Tygers face  
Poore Lamb so fast (ore-taken in his game)  
As French-men fled from thee with winged pace,  
After they had approu'd thy vertues flame.  
Like fire and water, pent vp in one place  
VVith thunder-renting all the heavenly frame,  
Such were thy deeds: and more by much then so,  
If more could be, or more from man could goe.

136

Euen as the fearefull Lenorit in the wood,  
Viewing the dreadfull Lyon full of rage,  
Murther his dame, and feede vpon her blood,  
Renting her limbs, his rigour to asswage:  
VVith silent pace, and trembling in her moode,  
Flies from the rancour of the beasts out-rage,  
And euery step bethinks of what was done,  
And euery houre adreads to be vndone.

137

So did the troopes where starre-eyed *Devorax* went  
VVith fearefull admiration see his ire,  
One to another was a President  
To seeke their scapes by some more safe retire;  
And yet their flights was no true banishment  
Of their dispayres: for still his Valors fire,  
Shin'd in their harts, and though he was not nye,  
Yet Furie-like his deeds were in their eye.

But



# DEVORAX.

24

138

But what was it (ô perfit man) which thus  
Got powre in thy deere thoughts, and hal'd thee on,  
To teare from Dangers gates the dangerous,  
Exposing still thy person oft alone,  
In spight of hazard most miraculous?  
VVast *Honours* loue, hard gotten, and soone gone?  
VVas't *Ennie*? or was't neyther which thee led,  
Twas both, twas both, an *Ennie* nobly bred.

139

O Souldiers-*Ennie*, neere alie to Kings,  
Maiestick humor, carefull icalious thought,  
Thou, which awak'ft vs from ignoble things,  
A passion neereft to a God-head brought,  
Onely indefinite; to whom none brings,  
Limit or bound: thou greater then our thought,  
VVho holds thee, holds a power to make him able,  
VVho looses thee, becomes most miserable.

*Gustavus Adolphus*

140

And yet forgiue me (fayre one) twas not this,  
VVas neuer any thing how good so ere,  
VVhich hath so rough a name as *Ennie* is,  
That could liue in thy hart: for Angels there,  
Keepe solemne reuels, and by power dismisse,  
The earthie passions which our natures beare:  
VVithout thee, well might humane rarenes rest,  
But holy things liued onely in thy brest.

Vpon

## DEVORAX.

141

Vpon thy helme, fat Conquest ready drest,  
Delighting to behold thy sacred deeds,  
And swore that Temple made her onely blest,  
For by thine acts, her actions prayse exceeds.  
Thou not her fayre, but she thy fayre posscest,  
Thy looks the tables whereon honour reeds  
Instructions for her laude, inchaunted all,  
And like thy sword, made best resolved fall.

142

That Engine of defence and punishment,  
VVhich well could chastice, who could well doe ill,  
VVith thee was but a needlesse instrument,  
Nature had giuen thee darts could better kill;  
Thy hart-inchaunting looks, had they been bent,  
In bitter frownes, or shoud displeased will:  
The strength of strengths, had humbly false before thee  
So much thy beauty made the world adore thee.

143

If *Hercules* by *Hylas* was subdude,  
And chaynd in golden fetters to his loue,  
And if *Patrocles* held in seruitude,  
*Stix*-washt *Achilles*: then I will approue,  
And in thy powre, all powre, all loue include:  
Making thy fame sit starres, and heaven aboue.  
For thou hast courage greater then the one,  
And beauty more then in the other shone.

Neuer



# DEVORAX.

25

144

Thy cheekes were Lilly-fields where Roses grew,  
Thine eyes two Lamps, which lent the day his light,  
Thy breath the ayre in which choyce pleasures flew,  
Perfuming all things neere vnto thy sight;  
Thy dangling tresses (hanging in our view,)  
Thē *Phabus* sounding strings were much more bright.  
Thy lips, which kisse each other when they meete,  
Taught them to kisse, which thought no kisses sweet.

145

Loue in thy looks hung forth a conquering signe,  
Sharpening his arrowes on thy daintie brow,  
I saw him light his Torches at thine eyne,  
Oft haue I heard him for thy sake a-vow  
Hee would no more mongst men be held diuine,  
But for thy fauour his great tytles bow  
To doe thee seruice, and become thy Squire,  
Begging no more but count'naunce for his hire.

146

VVhat wonder is it then if mortall bred  
Fell at thy feete? when such a sacred powre,  
VWho at the tables of the Gods hath fed,  
Hee which hath made *Ioue* tremble at his lowre,  
Stoope vassaile-like, and humbleth his proud head,  
Begging the pleasures of a happy howre.  
O great insearchable, almightie Fate,  
Thys was your will, and you thus form'd his state.

H.

Euen

## DEVORAX.

147

Euen you sad Daughters of the quiet night,  
 VVhich in your priuate revolutions write  
 VVhat hath, or shall vpon our fortunes light,  
 VVhose Stories none may see, much lesse recite.  
 You Rulers of the Gods; twas you gaue might,  
 That our great Grandam *Nature* should vnite  
*Effect and* All her best treasures in those princely two,  
*Deuorax.* That after-age might say: Thus could shee doe.

148

*Nature*, in which Diuinitie doth shine,  
 Liuely presenting vnborne Dietie,  
 Is that same Spirit of Reason, most diuine,  
 VVhich causeth euery naturall worke to be.  
 All things shee doth preserue, and can refine  
 Muddy pollutions from impuritie.  
 Philosophie can teach no Art nor ground  
 VVhich *Nature* (elder borne) had first not found.

149

*Nature*, th'effect of *Order*, or the same,  
 VVas neuer knowne so rich, so prodigall,  
 As when shee tooke in hand the blessed frame  
 Of this most famous worke; this Generall,  
 Delight of those that doe behold the same.  
 VVhich to renowne and make more speciall,  
 Shee to her-selfe, *Learning* and *Vse* combinds,  
 And then all three sleepe sweetly in theyr minds.

This



# DEVORAX.

26

150

Thys not to be disioyn'd tryumuerate,  
From any minde that will be perfit taught,  
Posselt in them an endlesse-during state,  
By no fraile pafsion to distemper brought:  
All what they could, to them they dedicate.  
*Nature* is *Learnings* eyes, *Shee*, *Natures* thought,  
*Vse*, wanting cyther, is imperfect made:  
They without *Vse*, no better then a shade.

151

The finest *Orpheus* toucheth no more strings  
Then the vnskillfull man which nere saw Lute,  
Yet th'one, by *Vse* and *Knowledge*, sweetly brings  
To th'care delight, th'other harsh repute.  
So *Natures* perfit man, (the best of things)  
Tryes but what fitt'ft with *Natures* gyfts will sute,  
Till taught by *Vse* and *Reasons* holy skill,  
Hee brings vnto perfection what hee will.

152

\* VVhy on creation liues my Muse thus long?  
All the world knowes they are the best can be.  
Contrary matter must be in my song,  
No life but death, no birth but tragedie.  
In teares, worne pen, write dissolution,  
That accent better fits my melodie.  
*Devorax*, thy death is my desire to frame,  
My prayer; thy Brother will but heare the same.

H 2

But

## DEVORAX.

153

But woe alas, this mine vpbayding Muse  
 VWhich tells mee what thou wert whē thou wert here,  
 Doth with the memory thereof, infuse  
 Into th' impou'rist *world*, (which held thee deare)  
 Matter of endlesse mourning; Horrors newes,  
 Shewing it selfe how vilde it doth appeare,  
 VWho seuerd from the glory which it had,  
 Is now a widdow, wofull, desperat, sad.

154

Looke how the Sea swells brauely in her pride  
 VVhilst two faire Nauies daunce vpon her streame,  
 Seeming the starre-set heavens to deride,  
 But when leane Enuie with her poys'ning beame  
 Amongst them doth her venomd hate deuide,  
 Leauing no memory of theirs or them,  
 Mournes in black-smoaks, in clamors, and in blood,  
 Saying shee is not, which hath now no good.

155

Or as the gallant Tyltyards kingly drest  
 VVith royall eyes, and famous Conquerours,  
 Boasts that no place can be more richly blest,  
 No, not the Courts of greatest Emperours:  
 VVhen night appeares, and calls them thence to rest,  
 VWhich him of all his happy load deuours,  
 Becomes vnfaire, subiect to vild abuse,  
 Seruing for base, and most respectlesse vse.

Such



# DEVORAX.

27

156

Such was the widdow-world when thou wert gone,  
An honor-loosing sea, in blood adrest,  
A Realme dispeopl'd, a deposed throne,  
A witherd garland, where no flowers rest,  
A crowne not made of gold, nor rich'd with stone,  
Twas altogether vild, wholie opprest.  
But whether doth this sorrow beare my breath?  
I yet should write thy life, anon thy death.

157

\* A lingring siege, Calamities best friend,  
The wealthy harvest, gath'ring store of woes,  
The worke where Deaths worke neuer finds an end,  
The purchase got by blood, and lost by blowes,  
Increasing, made the walls of *Roan* bend;  
*Famine* an infant, past his child-hood growes,  
And comd to riper strength, beginneth then,  
Sterne Tyrant-like, to raigne ore feeble men.

158

His gouernment, from exile calls *Dispaire*,  
VWhich straight accuseth *Hope* of periurie,  
*Affliction*, for a witnes doth appeare,  
And adds beside more worse impietie.  
*Hope* seekes to pleade, but no man giues him eare:  
Then banisht, hee departs from miserie,  
And taking with him all content of minds,  
Flyes to the Campe, and better welcome finds.

H 3

Soul-

## DEVORAX.

153

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 VWhich tells mee what thou wert whē thou wert here,  
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 Into th'impou'rish *world*, (which held thee deare)  
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And taking with him all content of minds,  
Flyes to the Campe, and better welcome finds.

H 3

Sout-

## DEVORAX.

159

Souldiorly tryumphs giues him entertaine,  
All harts are open set to take him in,  
Like an imperious Prince, through euery vaine  
Hee rides tryumphant. VVhat before had bin  
Low brought by VVarre, rises to life againe.  
Those which had thought to end, doe new begin;  
Nothing is held impossible, but this,  
To faile of conquest, which incertaine is.

160

\* The new made King, (whose tytle, holy, iust,  
VVas by some Rebels yet debard their streets)  
VVarring in other parts (as needes he must)  
VVith the report of their approches meets,  
VVhich making complete his long-wished trust,  
(Turning feares-gall, to conquests honny-sweets)  
Inspyr'd him with desire to blesse his eyes,  
VVith sight of them from whom his blisse must rise.

161

A speciall day both parties doe propose,  
(And newes thereof by Heralds published)  
In which these two almightie powers dispose,  
Like seu'rall Oceans ioyntly married,  
To meete each other; and in sight of those  
VVhich knew th'ones right, how it was iniured,  
And how the others ayde might saue the weake,  
To knit that loue-knot time should neuer breake.

Dayes



162

Dayes which beget dayes, naturally begot,  
 Thys blessed day (worthy some holy Name)  
 And brought it purely forth, without one spot,  
 Spreading most vniuersally his flame:  
 VVhen Fraunce, that had not all old pomp forgot,  
 (Though she vld little since shee was faine lame)  
 Now pranks her selfe, like an old widdow-brid,  
 And striues t'out-goe her youths admired pride.

163

*England* as much, (and by so much the more  
 As her long peace taught how she might be braue)  
 Adorns herselfe, and as her birth-day, wore  
 VVhat euer curious was, and did ingraue  
 Admire in such as saw her: starres before  
 Rode twinckling, like heauens spangles on the waue,  
 Some marcht behind; but in the mid-poynt went  
 Two Sunnes, which made, made one Sunne excellent.

164

In selfe-like order Fraunce directs her state:  
 And then, like two great elements conioynd,  
 But not propostrous, as distemperate,  
 Theyr ioyfull clamors note a blest reioyne:  
 This Plannet-like coniunction, soone begat  
 The sayth which Times exchange shall nere disioyne.  
 Thus French with English mixt, they march'd together  
*Hope* scene in both, and sworne to part from neither.

VVhat

## DEVORAX.

165

VVhat better Emp'our can the body hold  
 Then sacred *Hope*? the element from whence  
*Vertue* is drawne, fresh-looking, neuer old,  
 Matter most worthy of a strong defence:  
 It animates young men, and makes them bold,  
 Arming their harts with holy influence,  
 It like a seale, in tender thoughts doth presse  
 The perfect Image of all worthines.

166

This *Hope* is double, and hath double powre,  
 As beeing mortall, and immortall fram'd,  
 In th'one thee's mouelesse, certaine euery howre,  
 In th'other, doubtfull, and incertaine nam'd.  
 Th'immortall *Hope* raignes in a holy bowre,  
 In earthie closurs is the mortall tam'd:  
 And these two contraries, where ere they meete,  
 Double delight, and make our thoughts more sweet.

167

Hee that hopes least, leaues not to hope at all,  
 But hopes the most, hoping so little hope,  
 Augmenting of our hope, makes hope grow small,  
 And taking from it, giues it greater scope.  
 The desperat man which in dispaire doth fall,  
 Hopes by that end ill-fortunes to reuoke.  
 And to this hope belongs a second part,  
 VVhich we call *Confidence*, that rules the hart.

This



# DEVORAX.

29

168

This second part of hope, this *Confidence*,  
VVhich *Tully* calls a vertue that doth guide  
The spyrit to an honest residence,  
VVithout whose ayde no pleasure will abide  
In our world-wearied flesh: This strong defence  
Against our aduerse Fate: now full of pride,  
Perswades the English Legions, that it is  
Impossible their chaunce should runne amisse.

169

O *Hope*, thou Nurse of aged feeblenes,  
Thou common good which bid'st when naught is left,  
Thou best maintaynour of lifes happines,  
Excluding from our harts misfortunes theft:  
How art thou made the cause to wretchednes,  
Of all thy proper nature quite bereft?  
VVhat, canst thou erre? I passing wondrous well,  
Chieflie, when *Hope* and *Loue* together dwell.

170

You men tormentors, *Hope*, and foolish *Loue*,  
(The last our guide, the first is our consort)  
The one to execute our thoughts doth proue,  
The other of successe giues good report:  
Nothing in minds doth greater mischiefes moue,  
Then where you hold your howerly resort.  
And though to sights you neuer publique bee,  
Yet are you plagues, much worse then eyes can see.

I.

For

## DEVORAX.

171

For you are they which feede the mighty minde  
VVith sweetest poyson of desired prayse,  
You make vs trust for that we shall not finde,  
And like the lookes which onely should displease:  
For did not loue of dangers inly binde  
Our harts to hazard, and the paynted ease  
Of our owne hopes, arme all our Spirits breath,  
VVe should not seeke, nor gaine vntimely death.

172

Thou euill-good, I would exclaime on thee,  
Did thine owne selfe, not others guide thy will,  
But being least thine owne, what iniurie  
By thee was done, shall liue in others ill.

\* The French and English now ioyn'd faithfullie,  
Doe cythers cares, with others glory fill,  
And th'aduerse part felt daily by their blowes, (foes.  
That though their harts were friends, their fames were

173

One strives to goe more faster then the rest,  
Saying, the buis'nes crau'd a winged-pace:  
Another, seeing his deere friend oppress,  
For lowes sake will depose him of that place.  
Thus vnder zeale, by each it is exprest,  
To what a crowne of wonder aymes their race:  
And what for loue they did; wert truly knowne,  
VVould prooue a iealous feare to be out-gone.

207

This



174

This happy *Emulation* (God of warre)  
 VWhich ofttest comes vnconquerd from the field,  
 This which makes Monarchies stretch out so farre,  
 Not made to faynt, because it cannot yield;  
 VVell wot I, would haue made a fatall scarre,  
 (Such as all Fraunce would tremble yet to weild)  
 If it had gone, whither it would haue flowne.  
 But ill he spoyles, which spoyles naught but his owne.

175

O *Pollicy*, scarce knowne in times that's past,  
 Or being knowne, yet least of most esteem'd;  
 Thy prouidence most worthily shall last,  
 And in these latter dayes be better deem'd,  
 Because thou sauedst, what Furie might haue wast,  
 Though much thou hast done ill, yet this act seem'd  
 Better then any; and so much more farre  
 As calme-fact Peace, exceeds blood-shedding VVarre.

176

O, hadst thou loued thy neighbour friends as well,  
 And taught them how to shun pursuing harmes,  
 Then had not I sat sadly in my Cell,  
 For woe inuoking words, for eares strong charmes:  
 None yet had seene this Tomb, none heard this Bell,  
 This paper-noyse, this Epitaph alarmes:  
 But best content with rest, vntaskt to write,  
 I had admir'd what others could indite.

I 2

But

## DEVORAX.

177

But leauing this, no helpe-attayning *Plaint*,  
(Because great Natures worke must still be so)  
My Muse hence-forward shall no more acquaint  
Men with th'imagin'd causes of our woe,  
But euen with feeling plainenes barely paint,  
Our sorrowes day. Saying, twas thus, and so,  
For then are griefes Tones, most best ordered,  
VVhen th'are with plainenes truly vttered.

178

A day was borne, ô would it had not been,  
Or ere it was, I would the generall domb  
VVhich shall dissolue this masse, might haue been scene,  
That then these sorrowes from a timelesse tomb,  
Exhal'd by zeale, made by our passions keene,  
Might still haue lodg'd in an vnsearched womb:  
But sith that cannot be, because it was,  
Report what that dayes ilnes brought to passe.

179

\* Vpon this day, this day that follow'd fast,  
Fore-going dayes, full of contagious chaunce,  
*Mishap*, which by degrees did howerly wast  
The force of Rebels, and the blot of Fraunce,  
Right like her selfe, (that long well will not last)  
Vpon good things casts a dispightfull glaunce.  
And to approoue how ill in well would shoe,  
Flies from the bad, and to the good doth goe.

Vnwelcome



# DEVORAX.

31

180

Vnwelcome Furie, thou wert ill advis'd,  
Hell would become thee better then their Tents:  
Could not some vast vnknowne place haue suffis'd  
For receptacle to thy vild intents,  
But euen where *Honour* was imparadis'd?  
Must thou of force goe thither? what repents  
Can clense thy faults? no teares of thine preuaile,  
For they are showres of spight, no streames of zeale.

181

*Mishap*, ile curse thee with a bitter curse,  
(Yet it will not helpe me: then as good vndone)  
Then the most vildest, I will make thee worse,  
(VVhy so thou wert before) what shall be done  
To make men loathe thee, (common mischieues Nurse)  
By thee ile say, the best beame of our sunne,  
As much as halfe his light, *Devorax* I meane,  
VVas by thy hand vnscene, shamefully slaine.

182

If any then (for all will be displeas'd,  
Cheefly those blessed ones which knew him well,  
And also those vpon whose eares haue ceas'd,  
Rumour of his renowne, Fames loudest bell,  
Busie to haue their icialious thoughts appeas'd)  
Aske how twas done, and bid my story tell  
How he was slaine, then will I thus begin,  
And paynt with truth his death, with shame thy sin.

I 3.

E

## DEVORAX.

183

I will report in that abortive day  
 VVhen thou vncharitably left'st thine owne,  
 Those that well knew thee, those that did obay  
 Thy lamentable powre: and all alone,  
 Disguis'd with Vertues vizard, brought'st decay  
 To those that neuer saw thee, or thy throne.  
 Thine old acquaintance, by thine absence eas'd,  
 Began to smile, which long had been displeas'd.

184

Those minds which had been worthy, had they held  
 An awfull reuerence to their lawfull King,  
 VVhose hands were good, if they could rightly wield  
 Their weapons as they should, or did not bring  
 Ypon them guiltlesse blood. Oft times refeld  
 And beaten with continuall skirmishing,  
 VVhether growne now more strong or desperate,  
 I know not; but they'le once more try their fate.

185

Once more they'le tempt theyr fortunes with theyr  
 Or make more speed to Deaths vnwelcom Inn: (swords  
 Occasion, and the day, fit time affords,  
 Debating counsaile holds it meanes to winne;  
 Vulgar vnto the mighty still accords,  
 And doe their wils, be't lawfull, or a sinne:  
 VVherefore the flowers of all the Citties pride,  
 VVell armed, in a fayre Batalion ride.

But



# DEVORAX.

32

186

But what is it so priuate can be ment  
But VVarres intellegencer, *Rumor* knowes?  
And if not for dispiht, yet to th'intent  
He may be still him selfe, in furie goes:  
And vnto what the one side's fully bent,  
Maliciously vnto the other shoes;  
This now well-prating Parat, tels the ende  
VVhereto the Citties issues doe intende.

187

Forth-with (*ô Essex*) thou a counsaile tooke,  
Though none could vter what thou knewst not well,  
(For all experience, lodg'd within thy looke)  
And there agreed, that force their force should quell,  
Like number, gainst like number vndertooke  
To bate the pride which now began to swell:  
And *Deu'rax*, who was Honours daily guest,  
VVould guide them to their fame, or to their rest.

188

VVhat in the heauenly Parlament aboue  
Is written by the finger of the first,  
Mortals may feele, but neuer can remoue,  
For they are subiects to the heauens worst.  
Hence came it *Deu'rax*, that no prayres, no loue  
Could stay thy forward course, thine youths flame burst  
Into impatience, when *Aduise*, thy friend,  
Sought to protract the hasting of thine end.

Euen

## DEVORAX.

189

Euen as the sunne in all his royaltie  
At noone-tide casts his lookes vpon the ground,  
And wooes the fruites with eye-cleare Maiestie,  
Curing the VVinters ylcerrated wound,  
So *Dev'rax* looke, such beames of dignitie  
From him vpon the Armie did rebound :  
And from his beames all gazers tooke that fire,  
VVhich mounting vp, would neuer more retire,

190

VVhen *Hector* wore the purest roabes of warre,  
And louer-like would haue no blemish spide,  
Courting bright *Glory*, all his hopes deere starre,  
Fam'd then to be *Achilles* promis'd bride,  
VVas not so rich, nor shin'd his praise so farre  
As *Devorax* did : which in the troope did ride,  
Before all others, like the breake of day,  
vvhich through nights shadowes makes his burnisht way.

191

I thinke his soule (for oft it happens so)  
Like a deere Prophetesse by holy flame  
Had a fore-knowledge, or some sacred shoe  
Of what should after happen : For this same,  
VVhich we call death (the soules release from woe  
The worke which brings our blisse to happy frame)  
Sildome arests the body, but wee finde  
Some notice of it written in our minde.

I know



192

I know his blessed *Genius*, sacred bred,  
 VWhich in a moment, by her thoughts furuaies  
 All the celestiaall houses, and doth spred  
 Ouer the earth, and through the vastest Seas;  
 Thys day, (by some deuiner humor led,)  
 Doth apprehend the changes of his dayes:  
 For he was not himselfe, (though euer best)  
 But stranger, with strange honor, strangely drest.

193

Neuer rode Bride-grome to salute his Bride,  
 VWith such delight as hee to his vnrest:  
 All speed was leaden-footed; oft hee cryde,  
 By dallying time, our hopes will be deprest.  
 Then straight hee notes how swift the day doth slide,  
 And feares it will not last till hee be blest.  
 At length, in all poynts fitted as hee would,  
 Hee marcheth on, encouraging the bould.

194

Arm'd was he royallie through euery part,  
 His head except, which had no steellie guard:  
 Those Angell-lookes, which could enchaunt a hart,  
 Flint-moulded, or in yron closurs bard,  
 Nakedly borne, vnpolished by Art,  
 Like the attracting Sunne, with his beames, snard  
 The vapours of the warre to flie vnto him,  
 VVhose mists of death, in touching did vndoe him.

K.

The

# DEVORAX.

195

The vapors of the warre, the clowdie smoake,  
The mantles to that winged messenger,  
VVhich from the Cannons intrailcs rudely broke,  
Or from a lesser hand deliuerer,  
Kills where it comes, woundeth the hardest Oake,  
Batters stone walls, and leaues no register  
Of any comely worke, thys ayrie deuill,  
Became in loue with good, it selfe all euill.

196

VVith him it was in loue, (or fayn'd to be)  
For euen as hayle-stones fall vpon the ground,  
Or in the Sunne playes little *Atomie*,  
Euen so flew bullets, with a musick sound  
Of whistling notes, Death charming melodie  
About each part of him, yet made no wound;  
So that those liuing, and that dying lay, (play.  
Thought him *VVarre* selfe, with whō *VVarre* seem'd to

197

And well it might be so, if *VVarre*, like men,  
Had beene created with a sicklie soule,  
Full of our melting passion; I would then  
Haue so imagin'd, but because tis foule  
And most deformed, (if some mournfull pen,  
VVith inck not full so black, did not controule  
The rugged iestures of his hatefull face)  
I would not thinke him guiltie of such grace.

*VVarre*



198

*VVarre*, of one matter made, hath but one thought,  
 Barb'rous obduracie, conceiting blood,  
 Yet from those vnions infinits are brought,  
 But all of one like humor, and one good:  
*VVarre*, simply is but spoyle, till *Vertue* taught  
 How it might be refin'd, and vnderstood  
 A better thing; reporting twas the Sire  
 Of *Honour*, which all mortall men desire.

199

Thys thin-leaf'd Gold vpon a Copper linke,  
 This *Venice ceres* on an Ethiops face,  
 This Di'mond set in Lead, this faire-pau'd sinke,  
 Cheats the whole world, and vnder shew of grace,  
 Deprives vs of more ioyes then we can thinke:  
 This robs vs of the riches wee imbrace.  
 Mee thinks, the losses which we find by it,  
 Should make men loathe, and vildly spet at it.

200

But fie; thys furie is too vehement,  
 (Many dead boughs hang on a soueraigne-tree,)  
*VVarre*, rightly handled, is most excellent,  
 And easie makes impossibilitie:  
 It mounts the Alps, and through vast Seas doth rent,  
 By it in blood a way to heau'n we see:  
 And euen by it, (though long before thy time)  
*Dev'rax* thou didst into the heau'ns clime.

K 2

Looke

## D E V O R A X.

200

Looke how a gust of winde vpon the flood,  
 Comes scouring, and ore-takes the Saylers eye,  
 Or as a tempest, renting vp a wood,  
 Seemes swifter then the nimblest thought to flie:  
 VVith speede as great, or more in likelihood,  
 Thys worthy *Devorax* to the charge doth hie;  
 And as the thunder rents the heauenly frame,  
 So teares his Launce the rankes in which hee came.

201

As earths great wealth falls by the Reapers hand,  
 So fell his foes by his deuouring sword,  
 The Parragons and Minions of that Land,  
 Buying theyr prooffe too deerely, doe accord,  
 That his renownes preheminance shall stand  
 Aboue all former Princes: and afford  
 Matter for greater meruaile then hath beene,  
 Or had he liu'd, should els-where haue been scene.

202

But what auailles it to say thys hee did,  
 VVhen twas but shoves to that he would haue done?  
 VVhat better am I to say thus hee rid?  
 Thus hee triumph'd, thus did his foe-men runne?  
 VVhen what hee was, from present *is*, is hid,  
 Remembraunce, by such memorie vndone;  
 VVho knew him, knew hee was the best of any,  
 VVho knew him not, may learne by mee and many.

But



# DEVORAX.

35

204

But loe, the battaile grew by this time old,  
And yet the worst of it was still vnborne,  
Many a life was deerely bought and sold,  
But now in happy state, and now forlorne:  
Contagious changes euery one behold,  
The Rebels first, sith vanquisht and ore-borne:  
The English next, who hauing slaine their foes,  
Came weeping backe, but could not tell their woes.

205

The Fountaine whence these miseries did spring,  
(O noble *Devorax*) flow'd from thy great thought,  
Thy sacred resolutions towring wing,  
A step aboue Fames height intirely sought:  
And if to doe enough, were that sweet thing  
VVhich thou aspyr'dst to; it was fully wrought:  
Thou didst enough, if conquest might content,  
And who doth more, is worthy to be shent.

206

But thys false-painted Dietie, call'd *Laude*,  
VVhich makes vs thirst for vaine Eternitie,  
Twixt our Desires and Hope, a cunning Bawde,  
Vshers the soule vnto Extremitie:  
And helpt by slie insinuating *Fraude*,  
Couers her deeds in scrowles of Pietie;  
This hath led others, but it led not thee,  
For thou esteem'st no such vaine Imagrie.

K 3

A

## DEVORAX.

207

A most religious humor was thy guide,  
A feruent zeale to raise vp *Maiestie*,  
A hate vnto this hell-bred Monster *Pride*,  
A loathe thou took'st gainst vp-start *Tyranny*.  
*Religion*, *Loue*, and *Honour* sanctifide,  
VVith all the other beames of *Pietie*,  
Gaue light vnto thy foot-steps, and brought forth  
Thy minde to dare to doe these acts of worth.

208

No Idoll-beautie in thy hart was seene  
To gouerne what thou vnder-took'st in this,  
Thou hadst no Mistres, but thy sou'raigne *Queene*,  
And shee, of all mens prayse most worthy is:  
Her beames, (I doe confesse) made the beames keene  
Of thy best mettald Spirit; what's amisse  
That shee makes perfit? what can perfit die,  
If first it be not moulded in her eye?

209

Thou liuely worke of her great excellence,  
VVel-worthy *Matter* for her powre to frame,  
I could attache thee of a high offence,  
In beeing too regardlesse, what became  
Of thine excelling fortunes; what defence  
But was too little to begirt thy Name?  
For her works sake, though not thine owne respect,  
Thou should'st haue banish'd farre this warrs defect.

But



# DEVORAX.

36

210

But woe vnto this too late counsayling,  
VVoe that I haue a cause to counsaile thus,  
VVoe of all woes, conscience perpetuall sting,  
Aliue and dead, haunt him that iniur'd vs,  
In curses would I name him, would shame ring  
His name, and hold it meritorious:  
But hell, for more-great mischiefe still doth hide it,  
Because if knowne, no creature would abide it.

211

An vnknowne villaine, for he was vnseene  
The while the skirmish heate continued,  
VVith others, like himselfe, (which monsters beene,)  
In a remoted place were ambushed,  
And viewing all the battailes irefull teene,  
And how Fames beautie was imbellished  
In *Deu'rax* deeds; growne enuious of the staine,  
Sent from his peece a bullet through his braine.

212

Most damned wretch, thou hast most vildly done,  
The Musket back recoyling told as much.  
The glasse of Honour now was fully runne,  
VVhat hart but this base dastard-blow will touch?  
Vngratious engin which eclipsed our Sunne,  
For euer be thou curst: and let all such  
As heare thee, hate thee; let thy stinking breath,  
Be loath'd, and held the sauour of foule Death.

Now

## DEVORAX.

213

Now from his hands fell downe the golden raynes,  
And gaue the Horse that libertie he fought;  
The remnant of his sences, which remains,  
Fled from their Pallace; all to ruine brought.  
The blood ranne freshly from his weeping vaines,  
His bodies King a heau'nly Empire caught.  
But all his vertues, to his brother fled,  
And vow'd to liue with him, since hee was dead.

214

Looke how a shole of Rauens for a baite,  
Tangle their liues in danger of the snare,  
Or starued VVolues, (that wanting what to cate)  
Seeing a pray, pursues it without care;  
So those, which nothing but theyr deaths awaite,  
Seeing the falling of thys noble Starre,  
(I meane the Rebels, rest of all defence)  
Hazard new deaths to steale the body thence.

215

But they whose harts had long time liu'd therein,  
(For twas a little kingdome of theyr loues)  
Seeing thys reprobate, and damned sin,  
Both for reuenge and honour, stoutlie proues  
To beate them backe: so that new fights begin.  
The fight of fights, which stones to wonder moues.  
One would fame get, the other will not loose,  
Both hange in doubt, and can nor will nor chioose.

At



# DEVORAX.

37

216

At last, *Impatience* coniures vp *Resolue*,  
 VWhich (like a Spirit rays'd ) thundreth about,  
 Rents Towers, & trees, and Mountaines doth dissolue;  
 Euen so like rag'd the English, when base *Doubt*  
 Made question of their chaunce, straight they absolue  
 Themselues from feare, then through the damned rout,  
 Made thousand seuerall wayes, & by mayne strength,  
 (Got where he was) recou' red him at length.

217

From the sad ground they heau'd his wounded head,  
 (VVedded too soone vnto deuouring dust)  
 His saddle for a Bere, supplies the stead,  
 His Horse his breathing ioy, his valours trust,  
 VWhich boare him living, now must beare him dead :  
 All things were quite transform'd to what they must,  
 As soft as foote could fall, (ô Snaile-pacst mones)  
 They brought him to his Tent, with sighs, with grones.

218

But when this object in the middle way  
 Incounterd with his noble Brothers sight,  
 VWhat tears, what vows, what plaints, what shall I say,  
 VWhat euery thing that can but shape the plight  
 Of insupportable distresse. O day,  
 Blacker then hell, more desolate then night,  
 VWhat not to be imagin'd care, didst thou  
 View in his face, and reade vpon his brow?

L.

Fraunce,

## DEVORAX.

219

*Fraunce*, thou might'st this day praise the King of Kings,  
 VWhich rays'd thee vp a King of thine owne seede,  
 VWho like a brooding Henne, vnder his wings  
 Nourisht thee kindly, wept to see thee bleede,  
 And lost him selfe, to gaine thee quiet things:  
 For had thy haps been other-wise, this deede  
 Had been thine vtter ruine, and decay,  
 Thy *Glories* last knowne houre; and *Shames* first day.

220

O *Roan*, thou ayme-cryer to this woe,  
 Be proude, thy fortunes by thy King was blest,  
 Else, thou which now art high, had then layne loe,  
 As low as leueld plaines by fire deprest:  
 VWhat thou wert then, now had been nothing so:  
 Infants yet hanging on their Mothers brest,  
 Should haue come far thy mem'ries to haue scene,  
 But missing thee, not knowne where thou hadst beene.

221

Nor so contented had great *Essex* slayde,  
 But brought an other name vnto thy Land,  
 Yet better fortune thy worse chaunce alayde,  
 He which did lift it vp, now slay'd his hand:  
 Had he been for him selfe, not others ayde,  
 His strange reuenge by all tongues had been scand,  
 And for each drop his Brothers wound did shed,  
 A million of French Gallants had layne dead.

Nor



# DEVORAX.

38

222

Nor came he home wholly vnſatisfide,  
VVitnes thy widdowes yet within thy ſtreete,  
Thy walls, and houſes ſcarſe reedifide,  
The Orphants wayling at their Grandams ſeete,  
Thy Churches vſeleſſe, and vnſanctifide,  
Theſe records with reuenge in part doe meete,  
But greater had it been, and better would,  
If *Might* did what it might, not what it ſhould.

223

*France*, that wert beautilous, ô be comly ſtill,  
Be not a Vallaile, that an Empire was,  
Loue thy dread Lord, be gouern'd by his will,  
Thy ruling of thy ſelfe brings ill to paſſe,  
Confound his foes, and thine owne miſchiefes kill:  
Be you your ſelues helpers in your ill caſe,  
Leaſt your ingratitude doe draw perforce  
From you his loue, on you your neighbours force.

224

And then againe, *Effex* returne againe,  
Yoaking your vntam'd necks, making you bow,  
In whoſe almighty minde cannot be ſlaine,  
The mem'rie of his Brother. I auow,  
And heere preſage, if euer your diſdaine,  
And forſet troaths of ſuch ſad dayes alow,  
You will accuſe your ſelues, and banne your breath,  
And pray the Mountaynes to bring ſpeedy death.

L 2

But

## DEVORAX.

225

But vnto those yet vncreated times,  
O Muse bequeath these secret Prophecies,  
And let his end draw to an end thy rimes,  
Dye with his death, and in his obsequies  
Intomb thy soule: thy soule which weary climes,  
And falls with faintnes as he seekes to rise;  
And seate his numbers in their sweetned cares  
VWhere best delights, and best wits fire appears.

226

\* Thus *ARETEA* with a heauie looke,  
Ending with sighs, what was with teares begunne,  
Turnes from my presence: and with woe for-sooke  
Further discourse. But I that swift did runne  
Vpon *Desires* feete, with reuerence tooke  
Hold of her garment, and cry'd, stay deere Sunne,  
Thou which hast taken prisoner all my thought,  
Ransome my minde, let his release be bought.

227

If thus thou doe depart; from me will part  
My rauisht sence; for charritie (faire Saint)  
Stay; and as thou hast banqueted my hart,  
So glut mine eyes, ô holy Mayd, acquaint  
My sight (yet drownd with ouer-flow of smart)  
VWith those rare miracles which Art doth paint  
Vpon his famous Tomb: for twere a shame  
Forgetfulnes should sleepe vpon his Name.

I doe



228

I doe assure my selfe, religious Fraunce,  
 VVhich loues the lawes of Hospitalitie,  
 VVill not ingratefully forget his chaunce,  
 Or for a world forgoe his memorie:  
 I know her eyes with tribute-teares doe glaunce  
 Daily vpon his Tomb, his valiancie,  
 VVhich for her sake brought him to earthly mold,  
 Liues writ in Iet, in Marble, Brasse, or gold.

229

Or iftwere so that her distempred minde  
 Filld with her owne grieve, should forget her friend,  
 I know his Countries spirit (most refine)  
 And those whom Nature binds to such an end,  
 VVill raise a Piramed of some strange kinde,  
 Vpon whose Colombs euery wit shall spend  
 The fire of his best Muse; that who succeeds,  
 Shall beg from him, or weare no witty weeds,

230

\* It may be so (the heauenly one replide)  
 And feare of that, I feare, keeps him obscure,  
 Or else for that experience late hath tride,  
 That handy works doe neuer euer dure,  
 They are content to let him vnknowne bide,  
 Till they may frame the worke more certaine sure.  
 Or *Time* that can dissolue these holy things,  
 Hath taught vs now to doe lesse holy things.

L 3

Yet

## DEVORAX.

231

Yet least thou shouldst too much complaine, and fret  
The world, by telling wherein she offends:  
(For what we doe amisse, behind we set,  
Few to their faults reprove, with patience tends)  
Come, and ile carry thee where *Time* hath set  
His Tropheys vp, to last when all things ends,  
Earth hath them not, nor Sea, nor heere, nor there,  
But no where, some where, some where, euery where.

232

\* VVith that me thought the power of *Amaze*  
Carry'd my *Soule* far from my common sence,  
*VVonder* me thought, with a starre-shyning blaze,  
Lighted her to some sacred residence:  
Earths eyes were clos'd, onely my minde did gaze,  
Much I beheld, yet knew not what, nor whence  
Any thing issued: Sight of many things  
Confounds the sight, and no true iudgement brings.

233

A world of worlds I saw, yet no worlds there,  
Aboundance of delights bathing in teares,  
Pasion, and stoick dulnes euery where,  
Vassailes, and Kings: Kings as no Kings appeares,  
A thousand hands, a thousand Towers doe reare,  
As many moe the walls in sunder teares,  
Beauties stood thicker much then spotted starrs,  
But double moe defects which faces marrs.

VVhen



234

VWhen I saw all things, I saw nothing well,  
Millions about me now, but straight-way gone;  
I numberd much, and yet could nothing tell,  
Infinets when I summ'd them, were but one;  
Desirous for to know this heavenly hell,  
I saw twas meere *Imagination*,  
For by the houely changes it did bring,  
I saw it was no euer-during thing.

235

About this great imaginarie round,  
This Kingdome of the vnrestrayned thought,  
VWhere all things are, which are not to be found,  
I made a long large progresse: then she brought  
My tyr'd conceits to a more holy ground,  
VWhere many curious molds were rarely wrought,  
Of all the *VVorthies*, which were nobly bred,  
Sleeping secure in *Honours* quiet bed.

236

Not far from them was built a Monument  
Of sparkling Di'monds fast bound in with gold,  
And round about it for an ornament,  
Lawrell I might, and Cipresse Groues behold;  
The gates were of the dayes best blandishment,  
And euery Piller wrought, seem'd to vphold  
A singing Angell, and a weeping Saint;  
The strangest mixture *Thought* did euer paint.

This

## D-E V O R A X.

237

This place delightlesse, had me thought Delight,  
And filld his emptines with rare conceite,  
This nothing, me thought, all things did disight,  
And seeme, more rich then the most rich receite  
Of *Edens* excellence: there thoughts did wright  
Happy content, contented with deceite.  
And as me thought I view'd these glorious gates,  
I reade these lines written in golden Plates.

### THE TOMBE.

*You which desire to ope this dead mans dore,  
Or you that passe by it without regard,  
Rest here your eyes, and filling them with gore,  
Behold this Tombe of words, and lines prepar'd:  
On Marble, let, and Iasper, mayst thou po're  
Tyll thou poure out thy sight, yet be debar'd  
To read the sacred beau'n-out-lying scroule,  
Which bath the deeds of this almightie soule.*

238

Drawne by the charming Musicke of these roes,  
And guided by the strength of my desire,  
I prest into this ayrie house of woes,  
Praying the thoughts which made me to aspire:  
The sights I saw, seem'd not me thought like shoes  
Of earths inuention, they bore-brighter fire,  
But looking long, they vanish: then appeare,  
Nothing but lines; and these me thought they were.

*O thou*



## THE STATVE.

*O thou new Age, appareld with desire,  
 To know them whom the liberall powers create,  
 Of most heroick spirits sacred fire,  
 Rayeing their deeds to beaueus starre-spotted gate:  
 Behold this Empire-meriting young Prince,  
 Clos'd with his vertues in this Tombs black shade,  
 Who fought for Fraunce, and those which euer since  
 Should not for shame see his great glory fade:  
 And if a fayre desire thou take to spread  
 Through this worlds Theater (which sings his deeds)  
 His glorious prayse, and with it raise the dead,  
 Name but his name, for it all names exceeds,  
 The sound of Deu'rax borne through thousand Lands,  
 Eternally on Mem'ries Altar stands.*

239

With this last word the lines were vanished,  
 And by some sacred hand rane from my sight,  
 By that great losse my ioyes were banished,  
 For yet my longings were not orderd right,  
 This vnscene scene, this tale halfe vttered  
 Driue me from ill, into a worser plight:  
 Then to my Guide, thinking to make my mone,  
 Shee was departed to, I all alone.

M.

Euen

## DEVORAX.

240

Euen *ARETEA* was departed thence:  
 No signe was left of any thing but woe,  
 Mine auncient woe, my thinkings recompence,  
*Delight*, me thought, was chang'd to nothing so.  
 Now stood my feete in their old residence,  
 Painelessly mouing, taught by *Care* to goe,  
 But now in heauen, and now in hell I range,  
 So swift our thoughts are, and so apt to change.

241

Vast solitarines bounded my sight,  
 (For all is desolate, where not selfe-kinde  
 Vnto selfe-kind affords a mutuall right)  
 Of spacious trees, of flowres, and fruites I finde,  
 Millions of consorts pittying my plight:  
 But their dumb eloquence wound more the minde,  
 And in their silent listning, seeme to say,  
 VVe are *Griefes* hearers, why doth *Griefes* tongue stay?

242

This heauie summons to my wounded hart,  
 Awakt the sleeping sparks of my best zeale,  
 VVhich mixed with my Countries fatall smart,  
 (Both cause, and mourner, of this early peale)  
 Compeld me play *Calamities* sad part,  
 And striue thy prayse, ô *Deu'rax* to reuale,  
*Affliction* in my bosome long deprest,  
 Broke from my lips, and thus flew from my brest.

Alas,



243

¶ Alas, mine eyes that these your falling teares  
Should make two Riuers, and yet not erect  
Their Funeralls about the mouing spheares,  
But sadly on these flowres, with sighs defect  
Paint lamentable verses, pittious feares,  
The witnesses of thousand *Griefes* respect:  
O now exhalt these fountaynes of my brayne,  
They happy are which for good *Chaunce* complayne.

244

Nor eyes, nor verse, fill'd with this tearie source,  
VVhich with pale colours ploughs my furrowed face,  
Can vs suffice, till my sad tongues discourse,  
Relent obdurate *Pitty*, mourne *Disgrace*,  
All paynes, all mortall anguishes, all worse  
Then payne or anguish, or the wofulst case  
Can be imagin'd; ô what payne haue I  
To see againe, a new *Achilles* die?

245

VVoe me, mine eyes, seeke shadowes for your sight,  
To sounding Rocks recount your miseries,  
The Sunne is not for you, seeke lasting Night,  
Long not for Day, place galling agonies,  
And fore-knowne mischiefes next thy heauie plight,  
Of woes, and wrongs, found new societies,  
VVeepe, weepe, poore *Fraunce*, this losse by *Fate* down  
Is not alone to thee, but all the world,

(hurld,

Alas

## DEVORAX.

246

\* Alas fayre *Nimphs*, you Ladies of cleare springs,  
If eyther loue or pittie (which still dwells  
In femall harts) lament those heauie things,  
VVhich presse our fortunes downe to many hells,  
VVhy doe you let these flow'rs which dumbly sings,  
VVeepe ere you weepe, and with tormenting yells,  
Sigh long before you. O great powers decline:  
Teares shed for Vertues sake, are teares deuine.

247

\* You *Wood-Gods*; hence leaue haunting of your  
Come weepe with me this lamentable crosse, (Caues,  
VVhich fatall Death, (the Emperour of graues)  
Hath heapt vpon our dayes; ô bare-bon'd glosse,  
Of what we all must be; what nothing saues:  
Can there alas then this be surer losse  
To see all vertue in a forgotten Tombe?  
Of *Fortune* ô ineuitable dombe.

248

\* O *Fate*, thou faithlesse measurer of times,  
Most vnindifferent Mistris to young yeares,  
VVhich haue the purest soules: now note thy crimes,  
Tell vs who caus'd thee hasten our dispaire,  
Inroling *Dev'rax* in these buriall rimes?  
VVhy didst thou bandie mischief gainst the spheares,  
Taking away what heauen to earth did lend,  
And bringing rarest things to quickest end.

In



249

In spight of thee, and Death ; his gentle Name,  
 His glorious Name vnder his soule shall shine,  
 It from the skyes shall take the dayes bright flame,  
 And on the heauenly stage his deeds deuine  
 Shall sacredly be reade, and by the same  
*Eternity* shall liue, his vertues Mine,  
 Shall be a rich example vnto Kings :  
 Tis prayse, not shame to follow vertuous things.

250

\* Daughters of *Ioue*, since happy *Memory*  
 Inroles the deeds, are worthy of record,  
 In golden letters (lasting Charractrie)  
 Vpon a polliht Marble ; ô accord,  
 And in that Booke, heauens royall Lybrarie,  
 VVrite downe his *Prayses* : then that *Prayse* afford,  
 Limits beyond all earth, or seas proud rage,  
 Leauing their beames to guide this yron age.

251

\* You Sisters of *Apollo*, sacred nyne,  
 Othrough all worlds, within your lyuing Arts,  
 Beare his renowne, and graue within your shryne  
 The honour of his great almighty parts,  
 Let it flye farther much then Sunne can shyne :  
 For he was euen a Monarke of all harts,  
 Nor euer did the VVarriours in times past  
 Attayne more honour then his Time imbracst.

## DEVORAX.

252

\* O tryple crown'd *Diana*, ô great Queene,  
*Latonas* Daughter, Sister to the Sunne,  
 Thou *Delphian* Lamp, Lady of every greene,  
 VVith that sad Christall water which doth runne  
 From thy celestiall eyes, sadly be seene,  
 To wet this Tomb where *Englands* fame doth wonne.  
 Make it a lyuing spring, thinke there remaynes,  
 VVhat ere the earth, or rich, or fayre contaynes.

253

VVhat ere on earth is rich, delightfome, fayre,  
 Holy, or vertuous, which the rare right hand  
 Of that most great, most infinite, most deere,  
 Father of all eternitie makes stand  
 Vpon this mold, vnder the tryple ayre,  
 VVhich bounds the boundlesse circute of the Land,  
 Vpon his soules-brow thinke thou seest the same,  
 The deere Conseruatour of his best Name.

254

¶ *France*, which hath caus'd the losse of all this best,  
 Come offer teares and sighs for sacrifice,  
 And (though too late) by it know thy vnrest.

¶ Goddesse *ELIZA*, Queene of harts and eyes,  
 That lost this Name I loue, wish it good rest,  
 Say *Deu'rax* liue in peace, and t'will suffice:  
 I dare not beg a teare; yet *Deu'rax* gone,  
 You lost one of the best beames bout your Throne.

And



255

\* And you great Lord, greatest of all that's great,  
Loosing your Brother whom most worthilie  
The earth adores, your breasts fayre Pallace beate;  
Deere *Essex* prayse his new Natiuitie.

\* You Soueraigne Ladies thron'd in my harts seate,  
*Northumberland*, and *Rich*, for charritie  
Ayde his rare prayse, and sweeten my poore rime  
VVhich striues to make him conquer *Death* and *Time*.

256

\* Lastly, you English people, *Pallas* Squires,  
Faithfully wall this Saint-like Tomb about,  
And make his vertues grow from your desires,  
Report by Valures tongue the world throughout:  
That though the *Fates* incenst with enuious fires,  
Breake *Natruess* thred, and captiuat the stout,  
Yet shall his Name, the badge of *Pietie*,  
Liue both in heauen, and earth eternallie.

257

And thus arest thy pace poore heauie *Muse*,  
Doe thy last seruice, end thy weary tale,  
And on this well-built holy Tomb, infuse  
The large deriued currents of thy bale;  
Say (as to say all holy powers vse)  
Glory adue, Honour, and Vertues pale:

\* The drowned Meads againe regaine their greene,  
VVhat not in him, is in his Brother scene.

FINIS.